The Outlook

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The President's Message

It would not be surprising if President Roosevelt occasionally called to mind the semi-satirical motto once quoted with approval by Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol: "Never retract, never explain, get it done, and let them howl." Whatever the President does, certain of his newspaper critics have a "howl" to match it. Last January he sent a Message to Congress, the chief purpose of which was to arrest public attention and focus it upon some of the social, industrial, and economic evils and injustices of the times. The alleged prolixity and vehemence of this Message were denounced in editorials themselves vehement and prolix in the extreme. It was, it is true, an unusually long state paper of its kind, and certain parts of it were couched in the outspoken language of denunciation. But it accomplished its purpose, and it has needed no retraction or explanation. On Wednesday of last week the President sent another Message to Congress. It was a brief, direct, and simple statement regarding certain measures on which the President thinks "there should be action by the Congress before the close of the present session." The newspapers that criticised the vigor of the January Message criticise this because it is lacking in "vim," is a "mild document," will cause "little comment in Congress," and therefore presumably will not stir up that body to action which is needed. As a matter of fact, the Message is so clear a statement of some of the questions upon which public opinion is demanding legislative action that we believe it will be effective in its purpose. The President urges legislation along the following lines: A model child labor law for the District of Columbia; an employers' liability law, that shall be satisfactory to the Supreme Court, for the protection of all possible classes of wage-workers suffering accident in pursuance of their work; a modification of the use of injunctions in disputes between labor and capital so that both sides may have a reasonable hearing; a modification of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law so that railways may merge and combine, at least in traffic arrangements, provided these arrangements are made public in every detail and subject to the control and approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; a law that in railway receiverships the Government may be represented, so that "the management may not be wholly redelivered to the man or men, the failure of whose policy may have necessitated the creation of the receivership;" an early revision of the tariff; the creation of a permanent Waterways Commission, with the understanding that no water-power bill shall be passed by Congress which does not charge for the valuable privileges granted by the bill and does not fix a time limit for the life of the franchise. The labor aspects of the Message have perhaps aroused more debate than the other recommendations of the President, which are, it appears to us, supported by the great body of public opinion throughout the country. On the labor question the President asserts that the strike is a perfectly legal, but a very clumsy, ineffective, and uneconomic method of settling labor disputes. He advocates the free right of both employers and laborers to combine, but declares that the boycott of the laborer and the blacklist of the employer are equally objectionable in the eyes of the law and should be suppressed by law wherever found to exist. The President apparently favors legal and responsible corporate bodies of capital on the one hand and of labor on the other, disputes between which are to be settled by means of the fullest publicity obtained under

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Government regulation. This is the principle of the Canadian law which has proved to be so simple and effective in operation that Congress might well take it as a model for careful consideration.

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More Pension Demands

There seems to be no limit in sight to the increasing demands made and likely to be made on the Government for the increase of pensions. Hundreds of bills are being passed even now by both houses, not only putting on the rolls names not entitled to be there under the extremely liberal existing laws, but largely increasing the allowance made to those already there. General Garfield's estimate that the maximum had been reached when less than $40,000,000 was appropriated has been frequently referred to in order to show the unexpected character of the vast increase which has taken place since, and which, in spite of the numerous deaths of veterans and the large decrease of minor children as a dependent class, keeps right on. It is stated that the expenditure for the coming fiscal year will mount to $165,000,000, much the highest figure yet, and that without making any allowance for new demands which are being vigorously pressed. There are two principal pension measures which are being pushed in Congress, backed by numerous petitions. One of these proposes to put all ex-volunteer officers whose records are straight, on the retired list on the same basis of proportion of pay to that received in active service as applies to regular army officers. This, it is said, would cost not to exceed $10,000,000 annually, and would of course steadily diminish. The other provides that every veteran who served eighteen months shall be paid $1 a day. This measure, which has some features of merit, was advocated in the House recently in a speech by the Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, a Democratic member from Ohio. It appears from what he said that, as might be expected to be the case, there is great discontent, dissatisfaction, and unhappiness among the old soldiers who are in Homes, in spite of the liberal provision made for them. It is an unnatural way to live, and, just as is the case in other institutions, the massing together of a lot of individuals with all sorts of ailments and complaints, and with nothing to do, aggravates each one's difficulty. They claim that if they were given $1 per day each, nine-tenths of them could go to their homes and live out their remaining years naturally and contentedly among their relatives and friends. The following extract from a letter from an old soldier, read by General Sherwood, expresses the feeling of the mass of the veterans on the subject. It says: "They tell us to go to the Soldiers' Homes. Would they like to leave relatives and kind neighbors and go off to a soldiers' home to live under military rules and be governed by some broken-down politician, or would they ask to be made comfortable at home in their last days?" The remaining tenth who are without relatives or friends could be gathered in two or three of the Homes at central points and cared for. This would effect a heavy reduction of expense, which could be applied to the increased payment. There has come to be no doubt in the minds of modern sociologists that the system of outdoor relief which gives assistance to recipients in their homes is far the wisest. It is estimated that the measure advocated by General Sherwood would affect at the present time about 175,000 men, and the increased expenditure, consisting of the difference between what they receive now and $1 per day, would amount to $17,500,000 yearly. From this of course must be deducted whatever would be saved by closing Soldiers' Homes.

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Admiral Evans on the Armor Belt Problem

We have outlined at some length in The Outlook the criticisms on naval construction and naval bureau defects made in a magazine article by Mr. Reuterdahl, and also Admiral Converse's argument in rejoinder. Later on The Outlook also reported some evidence by naval officers before the Senate committee of inquiry which seemed to support Mr. Reuterdahl's contention. Now Ad-

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miral Evans is brought into the discussion, in the first place through the publication of a letter written by him last summer, which is said to be on file before the Senate committee. In it he says: "It will be remembered that all our ships are now of greater displacement than that of their original design, and in consequence they not only have an increased draught of water, but, in the case of armored ships, their armor belt is practically awash at load draft, which leaves them, as far as protection is concerned, but little better than armored cruisers." Naturally this has been regarded as a strong indorsement of Mr. Reuterdahl's main criticism. It is in part supported, but also modified, by the extracts from Admiral Evans's report just received by the Department. This report covers a great many matters connected with the Pacific voyage, and only a few paragraphs have been given out by Secretary Metcalf. Although Admiral Evans, as a result of his observations of the war vessels in their long voyage, says that it would appear that better protection might have been afforded had the armor belts been placed between six inches and a foot higher, he notes also that even in moderate seas in this cruise the ships frequently exposed the entire armor belt and the bottom plating beneath it, so that under the same circumstances in a sea battle severe and dangerous injury might be inflicted below the belt. He draws the conclusion that "under the sea conditions in which battles may be fought, a belt of eight feet in width, if considered alone, is too narrow to afford the desired protection wherever it may be placed, and the question becomes an academic discussion, with certain arguments on each side." His practical suggestion for our ships already built is that in time of war bridges and other heavy weights could be removed, and the armor belt thus raised somewhat. As regards the vessels now under construction, other considerations, in Admiral Evans's opinion, make the exact height of the armor belt of comparatively little importance. It is reported that the Senate committee will have before it other criticisms by Admiral Evans confirming Mr. Reuterdahl's condemnation of the dangerous ammunition hoists, and pointing out several desirable improvements in our war-ships.

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The Conference of the Governors

A signally important event will be the conference at Washington in May, at President Roosevelt's instance, of the Governors of all the States and Territories to discuss with him the subject of the conservation of our natural resources. It is expected that every State and Territory will be represented. The meeting is to be held in the historic East Room of the White House, and President Roosevelt is to preside. It will be the first time in the history of the country that the chief executives of the States have met with the chief executive of the Nation. The President regards the conservation of the country's natural resources as the fundamental problem before Americans to-day. Of those resources the discussion will doubtless disclose that even land itself is hardly so important a resource to the United States as is water. Of course no part of the country can be developed without an adequate water supply for drinking and domestic purposes, for irrigation and navigation, for water power, and for the generation of electricity. A year and a half ago Dr. Coleman Sellers, an eminent engineer who recently died, showed the impossibility for individual investigators or corporations to pursue the extended series of gaugings necessary to establish the relations between rainfall, evaporation, temperature-ranges, and other climate conditions affecting the water-yield of drainage basins in different parts of the country. The investigation, as Dr. Sellers declared, is properly a Federal undertaking, equally with the maintenance of the Weather Bureau, the surveying and mapping of the United States, the control of navigable rivers, the institution of National forests, and other public works which cannot effectively be undertaken by individuals or by the several States. Not only must the problem, because of its inter-State nature, be necessarily solved by a Federal agency, but it is also distinctly Federal in its bearing upon other Government works. The reclamation

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of arid lands and the improvement of navigable rivers everywhere are alike problems the solution of which must come through investigation of the Nation's water resources. Flood control bears directly upon both irrigation and navigation. It would save to the Nation an annual tribute of a hundred million dollars, the toll which our rivers collect from those who live in the valleys. In whatever action the Federal Government may take, the governments of the various States can be of great service, not only in direct co-operation, but also in passing harmonious and co-ordinate State legislation. This will doubtless result from the ap proaching White House conference.

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Water Rights and the Nation

The Federal Government has not been unmindful of its duties in this direction. For a dozen years the United States Geological Survey has been investigating the quantity, quality, and availability of the surface and ground water throughout the country. The Geological Survey's uniform methods and skilled direction should be continued, so that general laws may be formulated to permit a determination of the water-yield in localities as yet uninvestigated; yet Congress, at its sessions of 1906 and 1907, felt moved to cut down the appropriation by half! This attitude is emphasized by that of the Congressmen who have introduced bills into this session seeking to give permanent rights of way without compensation and without adequate supervision to persons or corporations desiring to develop canals and reservoirs in the promotion of electric power projects. If these bills were passed, they would create a practical monopoly of the water-power possibilities in certain sections of the country, and would enable a private company to exact tribute from the agricultural, manufacturing, and transportation enterprises thereabouts. In one case before Congress many thousand acres of arid land could be irrigated and become productive, the necessary power required for such irrigation could be disposed of for enough to pay for the entire cost of the proposed dam, and even then enough power would be left to be worth ultimately several million dollars. Instead of placing the agricultural, manufacturing, and transportation developments of all the regions in question at the mercy of a monopoly, we should have instead, if not Government construction of storage dams, at all events Government supervision. It would be unjust to suppose that all the electric power companies are behind the above-mentioned bills, some of which would invade the public domain and National forests, depriving the Secretary of Agriculture of his undoubted rights of control. The best electric engineers believe in that control and agree with President Roosevelt that no rights involving water power should be granted to any corporations in perpetuity, but only for a length of time sufficient to conduct their business properly. A reasonable charge should be made for the privileges thus obtained from the National Government, and the proceeds thus secured, after the cost of administration and improvement has been met, should naturally be devoted to the development of our inland waterways. If municipalities have now got beyond the notion that no permanent rights of way should be granted without compensation and without adequate supervision of city streets, certainly the Nation should progress to an equal point, and decline to give permanent rights of way to any interests which desire to develop our waterways for their own benefit rather than for the benefit of all the people.

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The Growing South

In a speech distinguished by vigor of phrase, orderliness of thought, and perspective, President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, before an audience of the Civic Forum recently in New York, described the spirit of the South to-day. There have been, he explained, five Souths. The first was the Nationalistic South of Washington and Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, and Monroe. Then, under the criticism and strife over the negro, arose the Defensive South. One fruit of this period is a sensitiveness to

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criticism that makes it hard for a man who loves the South to criticise her; but another fruit is a habit of valuing supremely ideas. Then, during War and Reconstruction, followed successively the Militant South and the Submerged South. Since about 1880 there has appeared the Emergent and Growing South. Sketching first the peculiar conditions which the rural, bi-racial, impoverished South faced, Dr. Alderman analyzed its educational achievements. Here, and again later, he paid a great tribute to General Armstrong. He emphasized the fact that "General Assemblies spend one-half of their revenue and two-thirds of their time in the passage of laws touching the welfare of youth." He spoke proudly of the material and educational advancement of the negroes, and said that this could not have been achieved without "a juster and larger policy than ever before pursued by higher groups toward backward and lower groups in any civilization." By limiting the "whole idea of manhood suffrage" the South has removed the blacks from politics and great temptations from the politics of the white people. Dr. Alderman stated the following conclusions as settled at the court of Southern public opinion:

1. The white race shall control the political development of the Southern States, as it will and ought to control the political development of the rest of this Republic. As we were European in our origin and structure, so we shall remain, refusing to become either Asiatic on one side of the continent or African on the other.

2. Agreement has been reached that in insisting upon absolute social separateness the South is pursuing a far-sighted policy of justice, both to the negro as a race, and to the higher groups that inhabit this Nation and to civilization at large.

3. It has been settled that the emphasis laid by Armstrong, the most heroic figure in the whole struggle, and the wiser leader of the negro race, upon training in the industrial and manual arts, promises the best returns in the development of the masses of that race as useful factors in economic life.

4. It has been settled that no form of peonage or helotry, perils worse than chattel slavery, shall creep into our life.

5. It has been settled that the negro having humanity, personality, economic value, shall be trained for citizenship in this Republic, and that the South itself shall exert intelligent and determining influence upon the character of that training, because it is its duty so to act, and because extraneous influence may carry the negro farther from understanding and sympathy with his environment.

6. It has been settled that the final policy of the South toward this backward man shall be a scientific habit of investigation as to the facts of his progress, coupled with an intelligent interest in his development, causing its thinking people to discriminate between the good individual negro and the negro considered as a mere perplexing, evil problem in sociology. The best Southern thought on this matter is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but watchful and steady. . . .

The growth of the South is always a source of amazement. One fact Dr. Alderman states is typical: "Its total property values in 1908 exceed those of 1860 by six billion dollars. . . . On the basis of percentage of increase the South's gain within the last six years is forty-eight per cent, and that of the rest of the Union thirty-two per cent." With this material growth has continued a "definite expression of moral enthusiasm," exemplified, for one instance, in the prohibition movement. These recent years have marked a rediscovery of the principle of local self-government in the South. To quote again Dr. Alderman's words:

> The ante-bellum Southern voter was perhaps the best-informed man in America on National politics, and decidedly careless as to the needs of his own township. He knew all about the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and did not pester himself about the local schoolhouse. Now Kansas, like the primrose on the river's bank, is just the plainest sort of Kansas to him, and Nebraska is chiefly interesting as saving him the trouble, every now and then, of deciding for whom to vote for President. Now his interest in the Philippines, or even the Presidency, is mild as compared to his zeal for the schools and roads of his county. It is the era of domestic politics, and of absorption of the people and the politicians in the welfare of the masses at home.

This is a passing phase. Some day the South will be Nationalistic again; but it will become so by evolution. And in the process it will be steadied by "a clear idealism bred in the bone, a tutelage of fidelity, an instinct for integrity."

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Two Americans in the Japanese Service

Last week at San Francisco Durham White Stevens, a distinguished American in the service of Japan, was assassinated by Koreans. The attack was inspired

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by hostile feeling toward Mr. Stevens as the so-called "Dictator of Korea." These Koreans resent the exercise by Japan of what they believe to be an oppressive protectorate over Korea. As a matter of fact, the Japanese rule, though it may seem harsh to many Koreans, is slowly bringing order out of chaos. A principal agent has been Mr. Stevens himself. He was an Oberlin graduate of the class of 1871. He was admitted to the bar in the city of Washington in 1873. The same year President Grant appointed him Secretary of the American Legation at Tokyo. As with the work of Mr. Henry Willard Denison, the American Consul at Yokohama, Mr. Stevens's work at Tokyo attracted the particular attention of the Mikado's Government. After a decade in the American service both men resigned to enter the service of Japan, Mr. Stevens as Councilor of the Japanese Legation at Washington and Mr. Denison as legal adviser at Tokyo of the Japanese Foreign Office. The value of Mr. Stevens's services to the Japanese Government was recognized by his appointment in 1904 as Foreign (Japanese) Adviser to the Emperor of Korea, a post of great importance in view of Japanese supremacy over Korea. The following year Mr. Denison came to America as Councilor to the Japanese envoys at the Portsmouth Conference, and last summer he went to The Hague as one of the Japanese delegates to the Peace Conference. One of the picturesque and pathetic features of the summer was the appearance of certain Koreans at The Hague who claimed to have been sent thither by the Emperor of Korea. That the humor of the Koreans is not equal to their assertion of patriotism may be inferred from the following remarkable manifesto which has just reached America:

To All Koreans in All Parts of the World:

Loyalty to his nation and fealty to his parents is the primal law of man's nature. The right to live and the right to die for duty is also the rule of nature.

But, alas! grievous times have come upon Korea, our compatriots. We who have been educated by our five hundred-year-old dynasty and raised up by our four-thousand-year-old ancestry have come under the domination of the barbarous, savage islanders—the Japanese. They have swooped upon our country, and are indulging their barbarous appetites with cruel heart. It is so much we could not say it with our tongues, nor could we write it with our pens.

The Japanese have abdicated our Emperor, destroyed our villages, killed our brethren, robbed our land, seized our benefits, and are the enemy, not only of Korea, but of all the world—for they have violated the peace of humanity.

Compatriots, we must unite and consecrate ourselves to our land, and restore our independence. We are sure our God will help us. We must all do our best to kill all Japanese, their spies, allies, and barbarous soldiers.

The Japanese may compare the rising of our righteous army to the attempt of an insect to move a big tree, but right is on our side, and we are confident that in the end we shall be victorious, opposing their treachery with the justice of our cause. We will sacrifice our lives to their guns and swords, and as the front men fall the men behind them will take their places. Defeated to-day, we will again attack on the morrow, until our vow to exterminate the Japanese or die has been accomplished.

E. YIN-LIN-YUNG,
General Korean Righteous Army.
(Date) 4240 After Tan Koon.

The cowardly murder of Mr. Stevens is the best possible proof of the fact that Korea is not able, in spite of high-sounding proclamations, to govern itself in accordance with the standards and laws of modern civilization.

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The Claims of the Koreans

The murder of Mr. Stevens calls attention anew to the traditional method of expressing opinions on political issues by assassination. As to Korea, Dr. George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale, in a letter to the New York Times, informs us that Mr. Stevens's case is not an isolated instance.

Last July the same sort of men in Seoul tried to excite the people to murder one of the most efficient and tried friends of Korea among the American missionaries. But what crime had Dr. George Heber Jones committed for which he deserved to suffer death? He had spoken in public print admiringly of the moderation which the Japanese police and gendarmes had shown in handling a Korean mob, and in a deprecating way of the perfectly unprovoked and cold-blooded massacre of several scores of persons by a company of mutinous Korean soldiers.

But it is not only Americans and Japanese who must look to their lives if they do not hold and express opinions satisfactory to Korean

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patriots. During the spring of 1907—the time of my residence in Seoul—no fewer than four attempts at assassination of the Korean Ministers were made by Koreans themselves. These attempts were traced to hired ruffians who had come up to the capital city for the purpose, and whose pay for this murderous work had been furnished by subscriptions, as follows: Mr. Yi-Yong-Tai, ex-Minister of the Imperial Household, 1,700 yen; Mr. Min-Hsung-Sik, Vice-Minister of Education, 1,200 yen, etc.

The case also calls attention to the particular complaints made by Koreans since the Japanese took charge of the Korean Government. As is well known, the police, customs, post-office, railways, and other administrative departments are now in the hands of the Japanese. Koreans charge the Japanese with a general unnecessary arbitrariness in the administration. In particular, among other charges, they allege that Prince Ito, the Japanese Resident-General, has seized many acres of fertile lands for which he has given no compensation, under the pretense that they were needed for military maneuvers. They declare that while Korean jinrikisha men have to pay a heavy tax to ply their calling, the Japanese coolies, who have come over in shoals, are allowed to charge double rates. These actions attributed to the Resident-General are entirely in opposition to the announced policy of the Japanese Government towards Korea. More interesting still is the criticism by certain Americans, notably Mr. Hulbert, whose recent book on Korea has attracted much attention because of its anti-Japanese attitude. The strongest body of American missionaries in Korea is the Presbyterian. The Rev. Dr. Halsey, of the Presbyterian Board, reports that the missionaries have been largely successful in restraining Koreans from deeds of violence due to the seeming harshness of petty officials, but adds that Prince Ito is foremost in deploring any excess of zeal on the part of the Japanese. The Prince declares that Japan has sorely suffered because a better class of Japanese have not been attracted to Korea as settlers, and that this may account in part for the reports of brutal treatment of the Koreans. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to note that the Korean Colonization Bill passed the Japanese Diet last week. This measure aims to introduce a better class of Japanese into Korea and so drive out certain mischievous adventurers. It is also believed that the new law will favorably affect the whole Japanese emigration problem by diverting to Korea some of the emigrants who otherwise would want to go to America. Speaking of Korea in general, Dr. Halsey says, as do most observers, that Korea's only hope of ultimate rehabilitation lies in a wise but firm foreign administration under a protectorate for as long a period as may be necessary.

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The Duke of Devonshire

Devonshire House, which stands on Piccadilly facing the park, is one of the best known of the great houses in London, and has been the scene of almost numberless assemblies of distinguished people; and the eighth Duke of Devonshire, who died at Cannes last week, was one of the best-known men in the English social and political world. He was a great noble, by virtue of his rank (the highest in the country below the royal family), of his great fortune, of his education and attitude; and he represented a class of men who must be counted among the best products of the English system—a class who bring to the public service exemption from the ordinary temptations of public life, thorough education, and, in many cases, ability of a very high order. He was the owner of half a dozen great places, including Chatsworth, and of immense landed estates. He was one of the three richest peers in England. Despite the apparent coldness of his temperament, he was devoted for many years to a woman from whom he was separated by an unhappy lover's quarrel, and whom, on her husband's death, he made his wife. Public service could give a man in the position of the Duke of Devonshire nothing but personal distinction and an opportunity for heavy work. It could not add to his rank; his fortune was far beyond his needs; he had nothing to fear from his party, or from the approval or disapproval of the public. He was in a position, there-

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fore, to be a dispassionate and disinterested adviser of the English people, and this function he measurably filled. He was never brilliant or enthusiastic in any cause or with any party, but he was steadfast, courageous, and he told the truth as he saw it with entire impartiality. By nature and by position he was an Independent; and although he was a member of five Cabinets, was thirty-four years in the House of Commons and seventeen years in the House of Lords, he always constituted, in a certain sense, a separate element.

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Some Characteristics

As Marquis of Hartington he entered the House of Commons in 1857, and, with characteristic reticence and patience, was silent for nearly three years. At the end of that time he rapidly advanced to a first position in public affairs. He became Secretary of State for War when Earl Russell became Premier in 1865, and revealed his quiet energy and readiness to meet any kind of work. He entered Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry in 1868 as Postmaster-General, and, as he had labored courageously against court and army influences to reform army administration, so he devoted himself with equal energy to giving greater efficiency to the administration of the post-office. When Mr. Gladstone attempted to give up the leadership of the Liberal party in 1874, the Marquis of Hartington was chosen as the leader of the House of Commons, and was so successful in this difficult position that a year later he became the permanent Liberal leader, and five years later, when Lord Beaconsfield was defeated and his Ministry went out of power, he was asked to form a Liberal Ministry. This he refused to do, and insisted that Mr. Gladstone should be called in. In the second Gladstone Ministry he was made Secretary of State for India. When Mr. Gladstone brought forward his Home Rule Bill in 1886, the Marquis of Hartington parted company with his old leader and became one of the leaders of the Liberal Unionists. He refused, however, to join Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. In 1891 he was appointed Chairman of the Royal Commission on Labor, and in that year he became Duke of Devonshire by the death of his father, and early in the following year was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. In 1903 he again showed his independence by resigning from Mr. Balfour's Cabinet on account of his opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's tariff reform policy, and he became President of the Union Free Food League. The Duke of Devonshire made for himself an almost unique position, in spite of great coldness and reserve. Punch described him in Parliament on one occasion as speaking with his usual air of "you be blankedness." When he was taken to task for yawning two or three times during one of his own speeches, he replied with a smile, "But you did not hear the speech." As Marquis of Hartington he visited this country during the Civil War, and it was reported that he had the impertinence to go to a reception at the White House wearing the Confederate colors in his buttonhole. Mr. Lincoln, according to the report, understood the situation in a moment. It was the time when everybody was quoting Mrs. Partington's characteristic and humorous blunders, and Mr. Lincoln met the situation, not by direct reproof, but by addressing him during the entire interview as "Mr. Partington." The Duke of Devonshire represented an English type which, by reason of its coldness and apparent indifference to the opinions of others, has not always been wisely judged by the outside world. He was a man of thorough training, and the personification of reasonableness in public life. It was for this reason, and because they understood that neither royalty, rank, nor the people could in the least affect his decisions, that Englishmen of all classes came to have a great regard and respect for the judgment and position of "the Duke."

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An Important By-Election

There have been a number of by-elections in England during the last six months, and in almost every case the Government candidate has suffered a defeat. But the most decisive of these elec-

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tions recently took place at Peckham, a representative metropolitan constituency, which was carried two years ago by a Liberal majority of 2,339 and which has now been carried by a Conservative majority of 2,494; a change of over 4,800 votes in a constituency of about 12,450 voters. Heretofore, in these by-elections, the tariff question has been in the foreground, and the leading issue has been the question of a change in the fiscal policy of England. During the present session, however, that question has been overshadowed by two other questions, and it probably counted for very little in the Peckham election. Two issues were probably in the minds of the voters. One of these was the Licensing Bill, which, as The Outlook has explained, will, if carried, inflict very heavy losses on a great number of investors and public-house keepers. Very strong protest has been made against this bill on the part of some Liberals, not because it will reduce the number of drinking-places, but because, in their judgment, it disregards property rights. The other issue is the Socialistic tendency so pronounced of late within and without Parliament. Until the vote two weeks ago on the question of the support of the unemployed by municipalities, it was not easy to draw the line between the Liberals, the Socialists, and the Laborites; and if it had not been for Mr. Asquith's uncompromising attitude, it is probable that the line would not yet have been drawn. A great many people of conservative temper, including many Liberals, have been alarmed by the proposed Socialistic legislation, and have apparently lost confidence in the ability of the Liberals to separate themselves from the Radical element in the House of Commons. The result will reinforce Mr. Asquith's authority in his own party while it weakens the authority of the party, and is likely to cause a sharper division between the Liberals and their Laborite and Socialistic allies.

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A Wise Removal

The proposal to bring within doors the Greenough statue of Washington, which has so long stood exposed to the elements without proper clothing, facing the east front of the Capitol, will command the approval of all those Americans who have looked from time to time with dismay on a figure which seemed to say, as an irreverent wag once remarked, "My sword is here; my clothes are in the Patent Office." This statue was authorized by Congress in 1832, and it was the intention to place it in the rotunda of the Capitol. But it was put on the Circle at the front, and has been protected from the elements only by frequent coats of paraffine, while nothing could protect it from the criticisms of the artistic and the gibes of the wicked. It is a great satisfaction that it is not to be added to the Chamber of Horrors into which the rotunda under the great dome has been turned by a collection of statues the like of which has never before been brought together by the most unfortunate Government. Mr. Sumner was once taking Mr. Thackeray through one of the parks, and made a little detour from his proper course in order to avoid an equestrian statue. The novelist, however, was too quick for him, and, turning to his guide, said, in an inquiring tone, "Sumner, where are the rockers?" The Washington at the front of the Capitol belongs to the dark age of American sculpture. It is the work of a conscientious and at times a very capable sculptor, but it is not a piece of art which the Nation will care to cherish, nor is it in any sense a tribute to the greatness or personal attractiveness of George Washington.

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Thoughts for Lent

With the knowledge of his human needs came also the knowledge of his mysterious power; born of a woman, cradled in a manger, taught a trade, sharing to the full the fortunes of men, the Christ became aware of resources which lay far beyond the range of the experience of his time. He was soon to leave the loneliness of the desert behind him, but the loneliness of one set apart and clothed with unique authority never left him. The most loving of all who have worn the form of man, he was also the most solitary. Many could keep com-

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pany with him in the weakness and needs of his human nature; he parted from them when he entered into clear consciousness of his extraordinary powers. What his fellows might become when the air of heaven had nourished their highest possibilities into full flower he already was. In a world full of sin he was without fault; in a society blinded by ignorance and passion he saw with perfect vision; among those who were bound and fettered he was free.

To every man in whose consciousness a great power of any kind reveals itself there comes a strange and confusing tumult of the spirit. Genius is born into the consciousness with mysterious and baffling pangs, and in sheer bewilderment many a man has wrecked himself on the threshold of his career. The tragedy of Keats when genius and death knocked at the door and entered together into the innermost recesses of his spirit has touched with almost insupportable anguish those who love him. To know at the same moment that one has a great power, with the passion for use that lies coiled behind it like a great spring, and to know that death stands on the glorious path, was an anguish which shook the poet's soul. To the lonely figure in the desert the individual tragedy expanded into the tragedy of the race. In his hands mighty powers were lodged; the word of his mouth was like the word that flooded the worlds with light on the first wonderful morning; and in that very hour the vast sadness distilled out of the anguish of humanity enveloped him, the horror of the sin of a world was upon him, the pain of death pierced his youth, and on the threshold of his career his forehead was already wounded by the crown of thorns. For him the sin of the world kept company with the purity of heaven; the loneliness of sorrow and denial and death with the glory of service, surrender, obedience to the will of the Father; the fragile human frame, sensitive to every touch of pain, with the consciousness of mysterious powers and a work beyond the strength of man.

Life was to open the mind of the Christ and reveal himself more clearly to himself, for it was a real man and not a symbolic spirit wearing the form of a man who withstood the tempter in the desert; but already there must have stretched clear before him the great way he was to walk and the terrible companionship that waited for him on his journey. He heard the call of his Father, but he must have heard also as in a dream the harsh murmur of many voices full of hate. In such an hour the temptation to test one's power, to put it like a shield between one's heart and the sorrow of life, to bend it to lower uses, to make it the minister of safety and comfort instead of the servant of the spirit, must have come garbed as a friend rather than as a foe. In every age with the possession of immense or unusual powers that temptation has come in the most familiar and persuasive dress. "Shall you not do what you will with your own?" it has whispered, and it has sounded like the voice of rational and normal good sense. A thousand thousand men have listened and have served themselves with their genius instead of serving others, and a thousand thousand tragedies have been written in the pages of that book of life which we call history; tragedies of the slow turning of noble gifts into ignoble instruments, of the transformation of promising natures into coarse, brutal, despotic tyrants who have gone out of life hated and despised, of the awful waste of chances of heaven in exchange for the desolation and misery we call hell. With the consciousness of human need and the consciousness of power came temptation; in resisting the temptation which came with the first the Christ became the master of himself, and in resisting that which came with the second he made himself master of evil.

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Assumptions are Not Proof

Before the Legislature of New York there are two bills "To prevent cruelty, by regulating experiments on animals." Though one is more drastic than the other, both undertake to prescribe conditions under which such experiments shall be conducted. These measures concern the whole Nation. If either of

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them was to be passed, the researches conducted by some of the most eminent medical and surgical men in the country would be seriously affected.

A correspondent, who announces his dissatisfaction with the present laws on the subject, gives, from a non-medical point of view, on another page, a résumé of some of the incalculable benefits that have flowed from vivisection. Those who question these benefits are either not informed or are beyond the reach of argument. The real question is not as to the merits of vivisection, but as to the proper safeguards with which the law should surround it.

At present the law of New York State applies to experiments upon animals the same principle that it applies to surgical operations upon men, women, and children. It does not attempt to prescribe the conditions under which either experiments or operations should be conducted; but it does prescribe the standards of fitness which every person who may lawfully engage in surgery and which every person who may lawfully engage in animal experimentation must meet. It penalizes with fine or imprisonment or both the unjustifiable injuring, mutilating, or killing of animals; and it confines to regularly incorporated medical colleges and universities of the State the authority under which animal experimentation may be conducted.

The burden of proof rests upon those who would have the State abandon this principle and substitute for it the principle of prescribing the conditions of scientific investigation. It rests upon them to prove, in the first place, that the present law is inadequate. It is not sufficient for them to produce lawyers who give opinions that the law is not efficient. There are lawyers of the highest standing in the State who declare that it is efficient. The only adequate mode of proof would be by the prosecution of an actual abuse. So far as we have been able to learn, only one authentic case of alleged unjustifiable experimentation has been brought forward by the supporters of the bills. This is certainly not proof that the present law is inadequate.

In the second place, the burden of proof rests upon them to show that legal restrictions on the methods of science would not vitiate investigations, and would not therefore entail upon human beings greater suffering than would otherwise be inflicted upon animals. Our correspondent is, we are sure, in error when he implies that an attitude of lofty disdain characterizes the men of the medical profession. The patient and painstaking public arguments presented in the newspapers and before the Legislature by medical men should save any one from implying anything of this sort. A letter signed by forty-one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons and two authorities in physiology in New York City (a list of names that for standing in the profession could probably not be duplicated in the city) has been published in the metropolitan press; it states affirmatively that the present law is adequate. Medical authority of the highest rank has pointed out that the prescribing in advance of the class of cases in which anæsthetics must be used, the class of cases in which animals must be killed after operations, and the formal publication of reports, would frustrate the purposes of important experiments fraught with untold benefit to humanity. Dr. Curtis, as Secretary of the Committee on Experimental Medicine of the Medical Society of the State of New York, declares that one of these bills "would abolish, in three lines of print, the sciences of physiology, pathology, pharmacology, and much of practical medicine and surgery, within the State of New York," and that even according to the less drastic of the two bills, if it had been law, "certain fundamental physiological facts, which form part of the scientific basis of medicine, could not lawfully have been discovered." Of the two measures to which our correspondent refers, the English law, according to so eminent and humane a leader as Sir Lauder Brunton, "has interfered to an enormous extent with physiologic work," so that investigators have had to go to Paris and elsewhere to perform important experiments—and with this testimony that of such men as Lord Lister and Sir Michael Foster

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agrees; and the bill introduced into Congress somewhat over five years ago by Senator Gallinger would have had, if it had passed, a very harmful effect.

The cruel man, callous to the suffering of either his fellow human beings or his fellow creatures of the brute creation, belongs to the lowest orders of humanity. Around such a man the law should put inflexible bands of restraint. The Outlook honors those who desire to alleviate the sufferings of animals as well as of men. But there are times when the infliction of suffering is not cruelty but mercy. It is because The Outlook is convinced by overwhelming evidence that the practice of vivisection has not increased suffering but has rather widened immeasurably the merciful ministrations of medicine and surgery that it regards as dangerous unintelligent interference with vivisection, and urges the maintenance of the principle underlying the present New York law.

Altogether apart from the motives of those who are pressing for new legislation, the two anti-vivisection bills now before the New York Legislature are contrary to public policy and ought to be decisively defeated.

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Mob or Court?

There is an impression shared by many that the relation between the white and black races in this country is becoming less amicable and more and more surcharged with injustice. The basis for this impression is to be found in certain dramatic and sensational events, in particular the riots in Springfield, Illinois, and in Atlanta, Georgia. The memory of those events is becoming faint in many minds; but the impression they created remains. A dramatic event will have an effect upon public opinion which statistics, more significant but less picturesque, will altogether fail to produce. In the horror at the brief work of a mob the diminution in the annual number of lynchings is forgotten.

The fundamental mistake in this is in picking out a startling episode or a reckless utterance and regarding it as typical. We do not arrive at the truth in that way. The Black Hand assassin does not furnish a true index to the Italian character. Aaron Burr is not an exhibit of the product of American Puritanism. So, if we wish to find out what American democracy has done with the negro, we do not search, if we are wise, into the chain-gang of Georgia or into the slums of New York; we study instead the achievements of a Booker Washington or a W. E. B. Du Bois. This is not that hopeless optimism that refuses to see anything but the agreeable. It is that scientific wisdom which, whether it is applied to the cultivation of fruit or to the breeding of live stock or to the education of a race of men, sees in the most advanced product of the present the real promise of the future.

The presence of two distinct races, diverse in social heredity, separated by differences in moral and social development, having dissimilar needs, and yet possessing, under a democratic government, equal civil rights before the law, has created a problem quite without precedent. It is to be expected that the present conditions should bring injustice at times upon the members of one race and embody at times a menace to the civilization of the other. In determining whether progress has been made in the solution of this problem we are not to take counsel of those who are swayed by a grievance or governed by a fear. We are rather to make our reckoning in accordance with the achievements of those who have made the greatest progress. If those at the front falter or retreat, the prospect is ominous; but if they advance, we may be sure that the rest will follow.

Here lies the significance of a decision handed down by the Supreme Court of Florida. I. W. Montgomery, a colored man charged with embezzlement, made objection both to the regular panel of jurors and to the special panel selected by the sheriff. He alleged that the county commissioners discriminated against colored men. He introduced evidence to show that colored people of the county owned property, engaged in business, and supported schools, and that about two-thirds of the colored men were of fair character, sound judgment and

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intelligence, and fully qualified for jury duty; that when N. B. Broward (now Governor of the State) was sheriff, colored men were drawn on juries; that the colored race formed a majority of the population of the county; nevertheless, that now not more than half a dozen if any names of colored men had been drawn for jury duty, and it had been a long time since any colored men had served on the jury in the court. Though the State offered no evidence in contradiction, his objection was overruled and he was convicted by a jury to which he objected. He then appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, which decided in his favor. In delivering the opinion of this the highest court of Florida, Judge Whitfield pointed out that the complaint was not against the Florida statutes, but against the administration of those statutes. He made it clear that although the testimony was "neither full nor clear," it was "sufficient to require some proof that, notwithstanding the facts in evidence, there was no discrimination on account of race or color against any person of any race in the selecting and summoning of the jurors." Since such proof was not forthcoming, the Supreme Court found that there had been discrimination and that the lower court was in error in not sustaining the challenges. In this Florida court, then, the civil right of every negro to trial by juries open to negroes has been vigorously upheld.

It is such occurrences as this, unheralded because undramatic, that indicate, more accurately than the doings of the ruffian or the mob, in what direction the American people are moving.

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Charles Cuthbert Hall

A human spirit of rare beauty passed on into another stage of life, and an instrument for service exquisitely tempered to the highest uses was lost to the world, when Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall died at his home in New York on Wednesday of last week. In a recent novel of singular elevation and beauty, M. René Bazin puts into the mouth of one of his characters this confession of aim: "To carry our Christ through the world; not to let Him die within us; to lift Him up as in a monstrance—not often; but to let Him shine through, always, habitually—our one Love." In these words Dr. Hall's spirit is wonderfully expressed. It was impossible to know him without becoming conscious of something rare and exquisite about him that had in it no sacrifice of strength. As the man of honor raises the quality of honesty by touching it with a certain distinction of feeling and conviction, so he translated integrity and piety into a language as different from that in which many men express themselves as the finer literature is from the average writing. Until his last illness Dr. Hall was the embodiment of youth. It seemed as if in the ripening of his spirit its physical medium had grown stronger and more delicate instead of being wasted by the envious years.

To know him intimately was to realize the possibilities of the higher reaches of human growth, to understand what the religious man is in his heart, not as one who confesses creeds, or holds by form and service, or plants himself on an ecclesiastical order, but as one to whom the world lives, moment by moment, in the sight of God and by his power; to whom all material things are symbols and signs of the immaterial, and for whom the visible suggests always the beauty and majesty of the invisible. If his preaching did not touch the heights of greatness, it had a beauty of form which was the expression of its spirit; and no one in these later years heard his interpretation of Far Eastern thought and life without recognizing something deep and moving in his passionate human sympathy and his passionate spiritual longing. Dr. Hall was not only a thinker, a teacher, and an organizer, but in all these various expressions of his spirit and energy he was an artist. From his earliest public ministry he showed his sensitiveness to fitness of form; and his public address, whether in worship or exposition, was marked by unusual dignity and grace. It was not the external charm of these things, their traditional importance, or their social value which attracted him; it was the sense of

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their essential harmony; the feeling that the body must match the spirit; that when worship passes beyond the region of mere personal importunity and becomes an expression of common human needs and a recognition of limitless divine power, it must part with what is temporary and provincial and take on the repose and symmetry which are characteristic of the great historical liturgies. It is not often, in these days of intense preoccupation and of manifold exacting activities, that a religious leader passes on into this ultimate region of expression; and it was a striking evidence of the ripeness and maturity of Dr. Hall's spiritual experience that he had become, not only a teacher and leader, but an artist as well.

Born in the metropolis, graduating from Williams College, which he represented in his personality and culture at its best, and to which he gave a lifelong devotion; trained for the ministry in Union Theological Seminary, with supplementary courses in London and at Edinburgh, Dr. Hall came into contact with the practical problems of preaching and of church work in an early pastorate in Newburgh, and, later, in Brooklyn, New York. In 1897 he was called to the presidency of Union Theological Seminary. He soon entered, with a singularly thorough equipment, into a work which has fallen to no other American. In 1902, and again in 1906, he went to India as a lecturer on the foundation established in the University of Chicago, and made himself the most winning and successful interpreter of Christianity that has yet appeared in India and the Farther East. The unusual labors of the second visit to India, in a trying climate, brought on the disease which ended his career at the very height of his power; and he laid down his life for his work as truly as if he had stepped into a breach in a sharp engagement and fallen with his face towards the foe.

The greatest service which Dr. Hall rendered was his illustration in his own nature of the beauty of holiness. But the expression of his energy took three specific forms:

He was an ardent and devout student of hymnology and liturgy, eager to bring into the service of the non-Episcopal churches dignity and completeness of worship, and to give worship the place from which it has often been dislodged by over-emphasis on the function of the sermon. Dr. Hall rendered a great and lasting service to the churches of America by his scholarship in hymnology and liturgic worship, by his constant and persuasive presentation of the place of prayer and praise in public worship, and by the educational influence which he exerted in giving public worship the inspiration and power of noble expression.

Dr. Hall went to Union Theological Seminary at a critical moment in the history of that institution and in the movement for liberation of thought in the orthodox churches. In the sharp controversy which arose in connection with Professor Briggs he took a position of independence at once extremely difficult and eminently wise and strong, and the results of which have been shown by the remarkable prosperity of the Seminary in later years. When Professor Briggs went into the Episcopal Church, Dr. Hall declared in unqualified terms that that action did not in the least interfere with Dr. Briggs's service as a member of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary; and when, later, short-sighted and injudicious attempts were made to boycott the Seminary and to lay its graduates under a ban, Dr. Hall faced the persecution with a dignity, and stood behind his students with a cheerful courage, which were of great importance in winning a notable fight for religious freedom within the Church. Under his wise direction Union Theological Seminary soon became a leader in theological and religious education, and has done much to translate religion, not only into terms of personal experience, but also into terms of social service. Its faculty has become a body of exceptionally capable and effective teachers, its curriculum has been brought into line with the needs of modern thought and the demands of modern life, and the Seminary has been put into vital relations with the society about it.

Last, but foremost, was Dr. Hall's

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mission to the Far East, a mission successful in a unique degree because it was so pre-eminently a mission of love and service. Rarely has the power of sympathy, the golden key that unlocks the door into the hearts of others, been more conspicuously shown than in the case of this quiet, courageous, and affectionate apostle of Christianity to the religious men of the Far East. He spoke a common language which men of all classes and races understood; Brahmins, Buddhists, Parsees, representatives of the numberless sects of the Far East, gathered about him, recognizing his transparent sincerity, his earnest endeavor to find common ground, his singular power of separating what was permanent and essential in Christianity from what was racial, temporary, and accidental. And this service was rendered, not only to the Far East, but to the Church at home. His two books, "Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience" and "Universal Elements of the Christian Religion," ought to be text-books in every theological seminary and in the hands of every Christian. They are probably fifty years in advance of the time, and furnish an elevation from which one can look into the future, catching a glimpse of that happier day when the unity of faith will take its place above the diversities of temperament and the Christ will stand beyond the creeds.

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The Spectator

Although we often flatter ourselves with the notion that these are the days of scientific agriculture, the Spectator is of opinion, after talking with many and various kinds of people on the subject, that the prevailing idea, the common idea if you please, is that most farming is done in a hit or miss kind of way, and that the merest chance is the one controlling factor making towards success or failure. When we study the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, or look through the portentous volumes issued as Year Books, we waver a little in our real belief, and for a little while at least return to what we would like to believe about scientific methods; but this is quickly succeeded by the opposite, which is actually the real. But any one who has plowed and harrowed and sowed and reaped knows that there is as much difference between good farming and bad as there is between right and wrong.

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If any skeptic will go into any of the sections of the country where there are "abandoned farms," he will find just next, or at least very near by, the deserted place, farms that naturally had no advantages over the abandoned places, but which are still well kept up and still supporting in comfort and plenty the owners, just as the same acres have been doing from generation to generation for a century and a half. The places not abandoned have been owned by thrifty men of intelligence who have treated their acres kindly and received in return a kindly response. In other words, the abandoned farms have been badly used and cruelly worked, and so become unprofitable. Take everything out of land and put nothing back, and sterility and starvation result.

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There is so much difference between good farming and bad that there are sections where the good prevails in such excellence and is so prevalent that bad farming would be looked upon as a kind of disgrace—like beating one's wife, for instance. Lancaster County, in Pennsylvania, might be cited as such a section. Most of the people who live there are what we have been in the habit of calling "Pennsylvania Dutch." The Spectator, without having gone into the matter, suspects that they are of Hessian origin. But that they are skillful husbandmen and mighty farmers there is no doubt in the world. Thrift betrays itself on every side, and the great barns and substantial farm-houses show that money has been spent with the idea that the improvements were not for one generation alone. And everybody works—girls and boys, wives and mothers, while the head of the place works harder than any one else. There is no dilettanteism here, no playing at farming, no amateur

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foolishness. It is all as serious as life or death is serious, and the Spectator suspects that in all the strenuous operations there is no higher motive than to make the bank account larger. That may be a sordid motive, but is it not the motive of pretty nearly every business man of whatever kind? At any rate, these people succeed, and succeed on a large scale, waxing richer from generation to generation, so that it has come to be universally believed that this county is the most prosperous agricultural county in America.

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But there is other good farming that has recently come under the Spectator's notice, farming that may not be quite so profitable as that of the "Pennsylvania Dutch"—profitable, the Spectator means, in adding to an ever-growing bank account. But in other ways it seems a million times more profitable, just as it is a million times more pleasant. These farmers do not close up the main sections of their comfortable homes and live in their kitchens. Not a bit of it. They live like gentlemen, and they are gentlemen. By this the Spectator does not mean to suggest that they live with the sumptuous profusion and prodigality of the mighty rich, the high financiers who have gained opulence by annexing other people's money; no, they live as their fathers and grandfathers lived, in cleanly homes with simple but tasteful furnishings, while their tables are supplied with a modest and well-cooked plenty. The Spectator is aware that when he speaks of educated farmers he will excite the incredulity of some who believe that tilling the earth is mere laborer's work and inconceivable in a man of cultivation. But in the neighborhood the Spectator is speaking of there has been a great college for much more than a century. And, what is more, this college has been used by the people who lived near it. It is not an infrequent thing to meet in the neighborhood of Princeton a man, himself an alumnus and a tiller of the soil, whose father and grandfather were also graduated from the great New Jersey school. This kind of thing has created an academic influence that extends over pretty nearly all of Mercer County. Of course the farming is good. When an educated man chooses to do anything, even though manual labor is a part of the task, it is expected that his trained intelligence will enable him to do it well. And the farming about Princeton is notably good. Any one who has been thereabouts will recall that the country is charmingly beautiful; any one who knows about farming will testify to the rich possibilities shown by the topography and the soil.

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A great many years ago these educated farmers, to the number of twenty or so, formed a club where they could meet and discuss the problems that vexed them and also the improvements in methods that were being made in various parts of the world. That club still exists, and meets twice a month for the purpose of talking things over. This club does not, however, exhaust its energy in talk; it does things. It was this organization that inaugurated the campaign that led to the improvement of the roads in New Jersey. This was no small task, as many of the farmers in the State were hostile, while the city people were indifferent. It was accomplished, however, and it is likely that New Jersey has the largest mileage of improved roads of any of the States. It cannot be said that these are the best roads in the country, for New Jersey is the favorite dwelling-place of graft, and much of the work was abominably scamped.

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The kind of life that has prevailed among the agriculturists in the neighborhood of Princeton for several generations is not likely to last much longer. It has been discovered that Princeton is a charming place of residence, and rich people are going there in ever-increasing numbers, many of them with the desire to live in the country. The consequence of this creating of great estates has increased the salable value of the land. So these educated farmers will find it hard not to sell when they are offered much more for their farms than their farms can possibly produce.

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WILLIAM H. TAFT

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"THE difficulty with Taft as a candidate," said to me one of his most intimate friends and active supporters, "is that he takes no interest in his own candidacy. He is wholly absorbed in his work, especially in the Filipinos, and leaves the campaign to others. 'My dear fellow,' I say to him, 'you are not running for the President of the Philippine Islands.' But it makes no difference to him. Cuba, Panama, and the Philippine Islands are much more interesting to him than the National Republican Convention."

This absorption in his work is not merely an executive's ambition for achievement; it is not merely a philosopher's interest in problems. Mr. Taft's interest is in men, not in theories. The problem of labor and capital is for him how to promote justice between employers and employed and the welfare of both. His interest in Panama is how to conserve the health and the happiness of the men who are digging the canal. How to reduce the death rate is of more consequence to him than how to increase the number of cubic yards of earth displaced each week. The colonial problem he regards not as a curious political question to be worked out in algebraic terms; it is how to promote the welfare of a distant people whose well-being depends on our success or failure in colonial administration. It was this interest in men which led him to abandon his chosen judicial career and fling away the opening for certain preferment which lay before him and go to the Philippines to organize a government and attempt what had never before been attempted, to teach an Oriental people to become self-governing. "You are the Father of the Philippines," said a friend to him the other day. "Oh no," he answered, "I am not; but what I would like to be called is the Father of the Filipinos." It is the Filipinos, not the Philippines, that interest him; it is not the islands but the islanders he wishes to develop. The sugar industry in the islands he does not wish to promote, because it develops social conditions that do not promise well for the political and industrial development of the people. It is this intensely human quality of Mr. Taft's which makes men wish that he might be the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. For our courts need humanizing. They need to realize that they are dealing with living men and women, not with abstract problems in political economy and legal construction. And there is no man who could do more than Judge Taft to humanize our courts, and no place in which he could do so much as on the Supreme Court bench. I do not believe that he would have agreed with the majority of the Supreme Court in holding unconstitutional the labor law of New York limiting the hours of labor in the bakeries of the State. To him a man's life is of more value than an abstract but unrealized liberty of private contract.

It is this human quality in Mr. Taft that gives him his popular sobriquet of Bill Taft. He likes men, and he likes all sorts of men except those that are dishonest or disloyal. He was the most popular Governor the Filipinos have ever had. This was not wholly because he was absolutely just, was loyal to their interests, urged the earliest possible substitution of civil law for military law, and offered an invincible opposition to all schemes of exploiting the islands for the benefit of unscrupulous American pioneers. He was the personal friend of the Filipinos; he believed in them, defended them, befriended them, trusted them, and—danced with them. This last fact, I am inclined to think, went as far as any, perhaps as all of the others combined, to make the Filipinos idolize him, as they certainly do. For Judge Taft is in the best sense of the term a democrat. He is as free from race and class prejudices of every description as any man I have ever known. He is as thoroughly a believer in the motto, A man's a man for a' that. His friendship for the Filipino is not a patronizing friend-

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ship. It is that of a big, wise, helpful brother.

Mr. Taft dancing with the Filipino ladies, who are decidedly below the average American in both weight and height, while I believe Mr. Taft turns the scales only at three hundred pounds, has been the theme of some wondering amusement on the part of those who have only seen Mr. Taft on the platform, or caricatures of him in the press. In fact, he is far from the corpulent and elephantine person he is sometimes described as being. The Boston American, which cannot be suspected of having any partisan fondness for him, in a recent semi-humorous description, hit off his physical personality very well:

> Mr. Taft is the kind of man you would expect to find in the president's office of a bank if you went in to start an account. His appearance would give you confidence in the bank. You would say to yourself, "This man will not let the bank fail if he can possibly help it."
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> They have talked a great deal about Mr. Taft as a fat man. He is *not* a fat man. . . . He has a good broad chest and he stands straight. Below that chest there is a semicircle. But it isn't the kind of a round stomach that comes from dissipation or self-indulgence. It is due to the fact that Mr. Taft has a powerful constitution and has not given that constitution sufficient exercise.

I agree with the American that it would be better for Mr. Taft and better for the Nation if he would take more exercise. But he perhaps takes more than the average reporter seeing him on the platform would imagine. One thinks of a man of his build as a believer in the Arab proverb, "Never walk when you can ride, and never stand when you can sit." But Mr. Taft is not an Arab. There is nothing of the Oriental love of ease in his make-up. He likes to walk up and down as he talks to you in his office, and is so light on his feet as he walks that you can readily understand that he may be a notably good dancer despite his avoidupois. He will put his hands in his pockets much as the President does, and, beginning his walk at the fireplace, will walk to the windows of his office, then down its full length, or at right angles down the side of his desk to the opposite wall, and then right about face and back again to the point of departure, and so on continuously.

Mr. Taft's intensity is expressed by his activity. He is a quieter worker than Edwin M. Stanton was, but he is not a less active worker. He is not as quick in his motions, either physically or intellectually, as the President; but he is not less a master workman. The day he was to start for Cuba he was at his desk finishing up some last details. His assistant gave him warning: "Train starts in half an hour." "All right," was the reply. Presently a second warning. "Only fifteen minutes left, sir." "All right." Finally, "You've only three minutes left, sir." "All right," came back as serenely as before. And in two minutes the alert Secretary of War came out of the office door smiling, calm, imperturbable, unhurried. So the story comes to me; and I can well believe it. The legend seems probable.

If Mr. Taft's intensity is expressed in his actions, his *bonhomie* and his sense of justice are both expressed in his face. There are some men whom you like but are not quite sure you can trust; and there are some men you can trust but do not quite like. Indeed, I am inclined to think that stalwart principle and kindly good nature are not very often commingled in equal proportions in the same person. But in this respect the face of Mr. Taft and of Bishop Brooks are alike. A child would be as ready to go up to the one as to the other and put its little hand confidingly in his big hand and go wherever he led the way. That this quality of attractive and unshakable integrity is manifest in Mr. Taft's face was apparent to the writer in the American from whom I have already quoted. "If the boat were sinking, and he could swim and you couldn't, you'd hand him your $50,000—if you had it—saying, 'Give this to my wife,' and she'd *get* it if he lived to get ashore."

Mr. Taft's good nature, his indifference to self, his apparently infinite patience, enables him to get along with men, however cold or acerb or crotchety—provided they are honest. "He can get along with some men," said the President to me recently, "that I can't get

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along with. We were together in Harrison's administration. I was Civil Service Commissioner; Taft was Solicitor-General. I got on Harrison's nerves, and whenever I came into the room he set his fingers drumming on the desk before him as though it were a piano. But Taft had no difficulty. And yet he was always a man of highest ideals." But Taft's sense of loyalty makes him seem to the average politician impractical. This is the secret of the war between himself and Senator Foraker in Ohio. I suppose no one in Washington doubts that Judge Taft could have had the Presidential nomination with no effective opposition if he would have bought Senator Foraker's support by concluding an alliance with him. There would still have been "favorite sons" and some "high finance" opposition, but, without any astute political leader to organize anti-Taft forces, the vote for favorite sons would have been compliments only and "high finance" would have been powerless. Some independent journals, the Washington Star, for instance, cannot see why the alliance should not have been made. "Why," it innocently asks, "should the interests of two such men clash? Why retire Mr. Foraker from a place which he has filled with profit to his people and certainly with great credit to himself?" If the end of politics is to get triumph for a party and offices for its leaders, there is no reason. But if the end of politics is to get incorporated in the organization and history of the country certain well-defined National principles, there is the best possible of reasons. For Mr. Foraker has declared himself, in the most explicit and vigorous language, opposed to the principles and policy to which Mr. Taft is devoted. And to Mr. Taft the Presidency is not an end; it is only a means to an end, and he does not know how to sacrifice the end to the means—that is, the principle which he holds to the office for which personally he has no desire. The political principles of the two men are essentially and fundamentally antagonistic. It is impossible to harmonize them. Mr. Foraker opened the campaign against the Administration's policy of railway rate regulation by the Government; in the famous Senate debate in 1907 he was the foremost leader in the opposition to that policy; and in December of that year, in announcing himself as the Presidential candidate against Mr. Taft, he announced this principle of non-interference with the railways as one of the fundamental planks in his political platform. In short, Mr. Foraker is perhaps the most consistent and vigorous of all the National advocates of the policy of leaving the railway corporations to manage the transportation of the country as a private business and the shippers to seek correction of injustice by an appeal to the courts.

Mr. Taft, on the other hand, has been for a number of years the consistent advocate of the policy of government regulation of the great inter-State commerce corporations. So far as I know, he was the first judge to summon railway receivers into court on a charge of rebating. Nine years ago, acting as United States Circuit Judge in Ohio, Mr. Taft discovered that the receiver of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Kansas City Railroad Company (popularly known as the "Clover Leaf") was giving rebates extensively. Judge Taft sent an auditor of his own selection to the receiver's office in Toledo. Upon the auditor's report, verifying the suspicion, Judge Taft sent for the receiver and insisted upon his resignation forthwith. As the Secretary says, "No criminal prosecution was begun against the receiver. That question was left open, and the receiver died within a few days after his removal."

It is fortunate for their health and happiness that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have a keen sense of humor, and can laugh at the asseverations of certain unintentionally comic papers, which take themselves quite seriously in their statement that Taft is but an echo of his chief. I first met Judge Taft at the American Bar Association in Detroit, in 1895, where he made an address in which he embodied, in his own judicial fashion, the principles concerning the relations of the Federal Government to the organizations of both labor and capital, the adoption and enforcement of which by the present Administration

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have brought upon it so much of praise and so much of blame. I shall not attempt here to give an abstract of this paper; a few sentences taken from it will suffice to justify my characterization of it:

> The opportunity freely and publicly to criticise judicial action is of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersion.
>
> Men of good repute, with complacence and intentional ignorance, acquiesced in the use of corporate funds to buy legislators and councilmen in the corporate interest, when they would not wish or dare to adopt such methods in their individual business.
>
> Another reason for popular distrust of corporate methods is the use by corporations of great amounts of capital to monopolize and control particular industries. It is my sincere belief that no such control or monopoly can be maintained permanently unless it is buttressed by positive legislation giving an undue advantage over the public and competitors.
>
> In spite of these well-known evils, nothing can be clearer to a calm, intelligent thinker than that, under conditions of modern society, corporations are indispensable both to the further material progress of this country and to the maintenance of that we have enjoyed. The evils must be remedied, but not by destroying one of the greatest instruments for good that social man has devised.
>
> The repeated efforts of different State Legislatures to impose restrictions upon inter-State commerce to secure some apparent advantage to their own constituents evidence the profound wisdom of the framers of the Constitution in vesting *complete control thereof in the National Government.*[1]
>
> Like corporations, labor organizations do great good and much evil. The more conservatively and intelligently conducted they are, the more benefit they confer on their members. The more completely they yield to the dominion of those among them who are intemperate of expression and lawless in their methods, the more evil they do to themselves and society.
>
> The courts, so far as they have expressed themselves on the subject, recognize the right of men for a lawful purpose to combine to leave their employment at the same time, and to use the inconvenience this may cause to their employer as a legitimate weapon in the frequently recurring controversy as to the amount of wages. It is only when the combination is for an unlawful purpose and an unlawful injury is thereby sought to be inflicted, that the combination has received the condemnation of the Federal as well as the State courts.

These principles were thus stated in a carefully prepared paper by Mr. Taft at a time when Mr. Roosevelt was acting as President of the Police Board in the city of New York and had given no public utterance of his opinions on the question of great corporations and their relation to the Federal Government. Mr. Roosevelt would be the first to disavow the notion that he discovered or invented the principles which he has so vigorously and so admirably interpreted. The merit of his administration is that by the vigor of his utterances he has compelled the whole country to recognize their justice and set itself under his leadership to their practical application to existing conditions. Mr. Taft remains faithful to judicial principles which he declared six years before Mr. Roosevelt became President: therefore he is an echo of the President! Principles which he has maintained for at least a dozen years he refuses to abandon when they are adopted by his chief, and therefore he lacks independence! He will not enter into an alliance with Mr. Foraker, who is their chief National antagonist, and therefore he lacks political wisdom!

Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt have been warm personal friends ever since they first met in Harrison's administration in 1890. They were equally and simultaneously interested in the colonial problems in 1900, when Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of the State of New York and Mr. Taft was first President of the Philippine Commission. And from that time the four—McKinley, Root, Roosevelt, and Taft—agreed in the two propositions, The Philippines for the Filipinos, and Capacity for self-government must precede national independence.

Ever since, in 1878, Mr. Taft was appointed salutatorian by the Yale faculty and class orator by his classmates, he has been known as an effective speaker. Eloquent? That depends upon what is meant by eloquent. His style is Websterian; he is persuasive and convincing rather than electrifying. He compels attention rather than wins applause. He is not without humor, but the characteristic of his addresses is serious purpose. Some orators reflect their audiences. "What my auditors give to me in spray," said Mr. Gladstone, "I give them back in drops." This is often a very useful service; it formulates undefined and half-

[1] Italics are mine.—L. A.

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conscious impressions and converts them into convictions. Other orators are essentially teachers; they do not apply to oratory the law of supply and demand; they give their auditors, not what they demand, but what they need. Mr. Taft is a teacher. He always likes best to give to his auditors opinions which they do not possess and to which they are not naturally inclined. It is to an audience of two thousand colored men in Tuskegee that he criticises the reconstruction period and approves the limitations in the suffrage imposed by Southern constitutional amendments. It is to an audience in Ohio, whose chief city, Cincinnati, is perhaps the worst example of a boss-ridden community in the country, that he speaks in judicial condemnation of rings, machines, and bosses.[1] It is before an audience of workingmen in Cooper Union, New York, that he condemns labor violence, defends the practice of the courts in enjoining lawlessness, and points out what limitations should be put upon the power of the courts to issue such injunctions. Returning from his trip around the world and speaking in Boston, the cradle of the so-called anti-imperialism, and perhaps the most conservative financial center in the United States, in the morning he tells the clergy why he thinks a long process in self-government must precede the independence of the Philippine Islands, and in the evening he tells the merchants that the cause of the hard times is partly world-wide conditions, partly unscrupulous speculation in American financial circles. It is in the same spirit that he has discussed, sometimes before unfriendly, sometimes before indifferent, audiences, during the past five years—to go no further back—and always with absolute frankness, so that there is no mistaking his opinions, such themes as Our Eastern Policy, The Currency Question, The Tariff and Tariff Revision, Criminal Law, Local Option, Sunday Legislation, The Race Question, Panama, Labor and Capital, The Great Corporations, Railway Rate Regulation. No defining of his position on any important question is now necessary. The American people know, or can know, where he stands on all National issues.

Of what Mr. Taft has accomplished in Panama, Cuba, Japan, China, the Philippines, I do not here speak. For I am not attempting to tell the story of his life, but to give a pen-and-ink silhouette of the man. Comparing him with other Presidential candidates, he appears to me to be as independent as Mr. Hughes, and to have had a larger experience; possibly not so good a lawyer as Mr. Knox, but a better judge; as human as Mr. Cannon, and possessing ideals which Mr. Cannon disavows possessing; as courteous as Mr. Fairbanks, with a power of action, and at times of splendid wrath, of which Mr. Fairbanks has shown no sign; as truly radical in his advocacy of human rights as Mr. La Follette, but, unlike Mr. La Follette, equally determined to defend them whether the assailant is democracy or plutocracy. To define him in a sentence—Mr. Taft is a great brain and a great heart in a great body.

[1] Address at the Queen City Club, Cincinnati, March 6, 1900.

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FROM EPHRATA TO WHISKY HILL

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

"SETZ dich a mahl zu mir her." This gracious invitation was extended to me by a lady of generously Teutonic proportions, as I entered a rather crowded trolley car in Reading, Pennsylvania.

Let me add that although I had never seen the lady before, I obeyed the summons. First, because there was no other seat vacant, and, secondly, because I have been long enough in America to obey implicitly when a lady commands.

"Du acts wie ein stranger," the good woman continued, taking my hand; and then, discovering that I had a right to act like a stranger, she apologized profusely. She had mistaken me for her family physician. In spite of her evident embarrassment, we began a conversation, and my ears, accustomed as they now are to our rather monotonous and uneuphonic English, refreshed themselves by listening to this new speech—Pennsylvania Dutch. It required thinking in two languages, and that in their most archaic forms.

Four generations had passed since my neighbor's ancestors came to this country; yet her English, whenever she attempted it, smacked strongly of the Fatherland, and in an unguarded moment, when my sentences seemed to her rather involved, she said, "Du talkst a bissel zu fast."

The trolley took us through the manufacturing center of Reading and out into the fruitful fields of Lancaster County, and the further I traveled in this State the more I realized the difference between the old and the new Pennsylvania, even in the names called into my ears by the prosaic conductor. Philadelphia does not now suggest Bible times so much as it might; but there are Bethlehem, Nazareth, Emmaus, and Ephrata, each name suggesting at once a sacred atmosphere. Then for the new Pennsylvania are the names of Johnstown, Coalton, Scranton, and Steelton, besides names of places yet unplaced on the map—names like Hunkeytown, Guinea Hill, Dago Roost, and Whisky Hill, squatted close to the mines, flanked by culm heaps and huge breakers, and cut through and through by ravines and dirt-clogged rivers. All these towns are destined to disappear long before the last lumps of coal dug there are burned.

The trolley stops at Ephrata, and my neighbor, who had been in Reading, "bargains zu kaufe im grosse schtore," leaves the car; but not without admonishing me to be sure to see the cloister of the German Baptist Brothers, which, she says, "is a grosse sight." I need no admonition, for I am here on a pilgrimage. I have come here to stand face to face with a great past, to visit the old haunts of these German mystics, to lose myself in the all-pervading peace of Ephrata, after having been in the thick of the great industrial war, whose presence is attested even here by the cloud of smoke on the western horizon. This cloud of smoke, although changing into a pillar of fire by night, does not seem to be the guide out of captivity. I suppose one easily reads something into the atmosphere of a place; but I am sure that, even without the pilgrim spirit which brought me there, I should have recognized Ephrata as one of the places in which dreamers have built air castles; and these are castles which have foundations. The archæologist does not see them in the dust; but the sociologist, if he has a sensitive spirit, feels them, especially if he has come from a week's study of Whisky Hill.

One of the men who has written of Ephrata before me says: "There is nothing peculiar about the village itself, or its people." He evidently had no "inner sense," and, moreover, he had never been at Whisky Hill. Not only is the air of Ephrata "salubrious and the outlook delightful," the street is full of gabled houses one close upon the other. Some of them are commonplace indeed; but many of them are quaint and clean, deep-set windows full of flower-pots, with the green foliage shining through the

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latticed panes, in rich contrast to the white snow almost up to the window-sills. And the people one sees—"commonplace"? People who for nearly two hundred years have clung tenaciously to a strange garb, in the midst of a "perverse and crooked generation," bent upon changing the cut of its coats with every passing season? Women who wear brown bonnets and look as modest as thrushes, whom one sees in single file following the men, women who have resisted the allurements of pokes and toques and picture hats for two hundred years—such women commonplace? Such women are as remarkable as they are rare, and such there are in Ephrata.

As I watch them they are going to the modest meeting-house at the edge of the village. I do not follow them, for my way leads straight down the main street which ends in the turnpike, over which a toll-gate still hangs. The gate-keeper sits in a little hut among his cronies, smoking the native weed and talking politics—and he who is acquainted with the quality of either ought to know that they are strangely alike.

The cloisters are across the meadow, the toll-keeper tells me. And, pointing to one of his companions, a man of uncertain age and a rather doubtful degree of cleanliness, he says, "And he lives in one of them."

"I am not a member," the man says, apologetically. "My wife is."

This alone proves him a modern and commonplace. I leave him disgustedly, and, stepping over the stile, walk through the snow-covered meadow and along the shores of the Cocalico toward a group of rather ill-shaped, weather-beaten buildings which suggest a deserted farm more than a cloister. The momentary disappointment vanishes, however, as soon as one has a clear view of the peaked-roof buildings in which no outer beauty is visible, but which, with their low doors, narrow cells, and roped stairway, recall to him who knows, the "Chronicon Ephratense," the groping of this Brotherhood after the blessed life here below, seeking communion with God in self-denial, in good works and pious songs. These Brothers fell into all the errors of Christendom and practiced many of its virtues in a single generation. Conrad Beisel, a German mystic, came here to live as an anchorite. His pious life drew others to him, and they progressed to monasticism.

When women found them, they all became celibates. They were close to every heresy which threatened the early Church, and were not far from worshiping Conrad Beisel as a reincarnation of Christ; while in the mystic Sophia they came close to the adoration of the Virgin. They practiced communism successfully for over half a century, and branded property as sin long before Proudhon declared it to be theft. They printed Bibles, wrote ecstatic hymns, developed to a remarkable degree the art of illuminating letters, and organized a Sunday-school in which they used some of the so-called modern methods, such as promotion cards, long before the thought came into the mind of Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday-school of to-day. They were chaste, frugal, and non-resistant. One of them, Peter Miller, the successor of Conrad Beisel, went to George Washington to plead for the remittance of the death penalty of a man, Michael Wildman, accused of treason. The General told Peter Miller that the severest penalty must be dealt out at a time like that.

"If it were not so, I would gladly release your friend."

"Friend!" replied Miller, "he is the only enemy I have."

This, it is said, made such an impression on General Washington that the pardon was granted.

I linger in the "Saal," the place of worship. Simple and small it is, with plain pine pews, the beamed ceiling hanging far into the room. The walls are covered by charts on which, in exquisite ornamental lettering, Scripture verses and some of the mystic poetry of the Brothers are written. There are also allegorical pictures, naïvely drawn by the pen, and suggesting the thought that in time a new school of religious art might have been developed here.

Scarcely half a dozen worshipers, I was told by the cronies at the toll-gate, gather here on Saturday; for the sect is that of the Seventh Day Dunkards, or

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German Baptists, and it cannot be very long before this sanctuary will be empty and forsaken and its ruin complete.

I brave the snow-banks and wade through an unmarked path toward the cemetery where they shall all rest soon. I wander among the graves, among those who long ago went to their rest and their reward. Here lie among others the Sisters Iphigenia and Anastasia and the Brothers Daniel and Gabriel, the headstones of their graves quite covered by the snow. In the center of the cemetery a stone sarcophagus rises above the snow. It seems to have withstood the ravaging tooth of time, for it stands squarely upon the ground. I brush aside as best I can the snow which covers the tablet, and read: "Here rests an outgrowth of the love of God, a solitary brother, afterward a leader, ruler, teacher of the solitary and the congregation of Christ in and around Ephrata. Born in Eberbach, in the Palatinate. Called by his worldly name, Conrad Beisel; but according to his spiritual name, 'Friedsam,' the peaceful one."

The snow and the frost cling closely. I cannot read it all, but I can see plainly the beautiful German letters cut deep into the stone. "Friedsam"—it is this word which takes me back to Whisky Hill.

"Friedsam." No one could be called that on Whisky Hill. Weather-beaten wooden buildings there are, scaffolded structures, shaken by the vibration of coal-crushing machinery within. From their third or fourth stories down, young boys sit before troughs, along which the coal rushes and rumbles and tumbles. Nine hours a day, in an atmosphere black as night from coal dust, sitting in a cramped and unnatural position, the breaker-boys pick slate from the falling coal by the light from smoky oil lamps directly under their nostrils. Nine hours of this, and many of these boys, mere children, although sworn to be the legal age, which is fourteen, walk homeward like old men. They look so weary, so old, so wizened! They surely are not "Friedsam."

An old man climbs down the breaker. He, too, is now a breaker "boy." Only about fifty-six years of age, unfit for the harder work in the mine, he picks slate from the larger lumps. He clings to a bit of broken fence as soon as the fresh air strikes him. He coughs so violently that his paroxysm shakes the fence. The boys stand about, jeering; but when a clot of blood comes from the old man's mouth, and another, followed by a stream, the boys take to their heels.

"Prach, the dust got into my lungs," the Slovak miner says. "It can't last much longer." Looking after the boys, and then pointing to himself, he adds, "The beginning and the end of the breaker-boy."

I shall never forget the pain written on that man's face as he told me that he came to this country as a young Slovak boy from a village by the river Waag, strong and full of health. He is giving his life-blood drop by drop, drop by drop, for our enrichment. He is unable to walk home; so I lead him. Home! This is his home. A gray, weather-beaten hut, one of thirty standing on a slant of the hillside, surrounded by culm piles, black and forbidding. There is a street, deeply sunk in mire; for there is no sewerage, and a sickening green scum has gathered in front of every house. I say there is no sewerage—there is not even a decent ditch which might carry the foul stuff away.

The hut has three stories, the lowest one built into the hillside, with windows only to the front; the rest of the rooms are damp and cold, not even fit for the storing of vegetables. In one of these holes lives the old, consumptive breaker-boy. Surely this suggests nothing "Friedsam."

There are thousands and tens of thousands of such "homes" in Pennsylvania, all the way from Pittsburgh to Whisky Hill. Each one of them brings rich revenue to somebody, and all of them reap a rich harvest of death. Six, eight, and ten dollars rent a month is paid by these miners for a place in which they often die by inches.

The battle against filth is not everywhere zealously prosecuted; but I challenge any American woman to do better than some of these Slovak women on Whisky Hill. Let me take you into one

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such home—and I came upon it more often than you may think. The room is freshly papered, the work done by the miner's wife, and not ill done. The floor is scrupulously clean; gorgeous pictures of the saints hang on the wall; there is a sewing-machine, and a woman busy at her task of making shirts for her miner husband.

There are two rooms, occupied by a family of five and four boarders. I know the home of this woman in Hungary, and the very village from which she comes. I know the clean, straw-thatched cottage, the broad, dusty street, and the waving poppy-field back of the house; and I ask, "How are you getting along on Whisky Hill?" This is the woman's reply: "Chala Bohu dobre." Thank God, very well. I have never seen a more beautiful and grateful smile pass over a face, and have never heard a sentence which more fully suggested "Friedsam;" but suddenly her face grows dark; she hears the noise of hurrying horses and the beating of wheels against the rocky street. "The ambulance! O Virgin Mother, protect me!" she cries; for the ambulance stops at her door, and they bring in the mangled body of her husband.

He went out a few hours ago and she was "Naomi"—now he is brought home, and she is "Marah." Bitter, very bitter.

What happens next on Whisky Hill? Do people grow excited? Do the neighbors come rushing in? Do the newspapers in the town at the foot of Whisky Hill take notice of how this "Hunkey" came to his death? No, indeed. Nothing happens. The woman laments alone, even as another Marah laments alone in a similar row on another ridge. There are ten women anything but "Friedsam;" for on a neighboring hill their husbands were slain together by the fall of one huge rock or the same powder blast. "And nothing happens?" Yes, something happens. The coroner's jury is summoned, and this is the verdict; the same verdict always, with slight variations, rendered ever since the great companies absorbed the anthracite industry. This is the verdict:

"Martin Horvat, aged forty-two, came to his death by a fall of rock in Mine No. 2 on Whisky Hill, January 30, 1908. The jury finds that the company should have provided the deceased a safe place to work in. It was not the duty of the deceased to pass on the safety of the roof. The deceased is not to blame." (What a comfort!) "We further find that the place in which the deceased worked should have been properly timbered (which it was not when the accident occurred), but we do not find that the company was to blame."

Who was to blame? The deceased was not, the company was not. I have it—the rock was to blame. Somebody in Wilkesbarre said, in answer to my query, "These Hungarians are so ignorant." I see now—ignorance was to blame.

Every day there are funerals on Whisky Hill, and after the funeral a feast, and after the feast a glorious spree. Whisky Hill has earned its name, although it might be called Beer Hill just as appropriately. The saloons not only outnumber the churches; they outnumber the stores, schools, churches, undertakers' shops, and culm hills combined, and a man might make a living by picking up the empty beer barrels that lie in the ravines. There are enough empty bottles lying in the runs to clog the flow of the creek in the spring, when the current becomes strong enough to make its way through the ooze and slime.

Ignorance and beer are to blame—and avarice, especially avarice. For the first two the miner is to blame, but only in part. This ignorance is an inheritance, often a condition arising from the fact that he is in a strange country, to whose language he is deaf and dumb. The drinking, too, is an inheritance, and often also a condition arising from the circumstances under which he must live and work.

Granting, however, that he is ignorant and intemperate, up here on Whisky Hill and on hundreds of other hills no attempt is being made by any one to dispel this ignorance. Neither his masters nor his priests are doing it. His priests, perhaps, are more content with his ignorance than his masters, for to the master he might be worth more if he knew more.

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The priest is sure of the opposite result as far as he is concerned. No one on Whisky Hill tries to curb intemperance by teaching the Hunkey the hurt of it to his bank account, to his body, to his chances of coming alive out of the mine. His priest usually drinks freely, and many a saloon license in Pennsylvania bears the signature of the priest as one of the petitioners.

Even those people who are eager to make laws to curb or prohibit the sale of liquor ignore entirely the education of the Hunkey, although he is now, and more and more will be, a great factor in the political and social life of the State.

Avarice is to my mind the basic fault in all the history of accidents in the mines of Pennsylvania. It is an avarice which regards human life as cheaper than timber, and considers it easier to pay funeral expenses than to support schools and pay teachers. It corrupts politicians to the degree that there is seemingly nothing more to corrupt; and if half the charges are true that are made openly by the newspapers in the coal regions against the mine inspectors, they certainly are hopelessly corrupted.

Of the one thousand people slain annually in the anthracite coal region, two-thirds are chargeable to one of these three causes: ignorance, intemperance, and avarice. Inasmuch as these causes could in a large degree be removed by the people of Pennsylvania, it follows that the people are to blame.

Twenty-three thousand lives have been sacrificed in the coal-mining business in the United States in about ten years. Read it again! Twenty-three thousand people had to give up their lives for the light and heat and speed which we enjoyed in the last ten years. Twenty-three thousand men! Almost I envy the Brothers Daniel and Gabriel and the Sisters Iphigenia and Anastasia the time in which they lived, when the waters of the Cocalico turned their wheels, when they printed books and illumined letters, when they could do their share in pushing this world forward without sacrificing the lives of an army of men to what we call progress.

That time will never return, in spite of Rousseau and Ruskin and Tolstoy; but we must have a time, and have it soon, when we shall be able to do all this which we are doing without such slaughter. Nothing is worth doing and nothing is worth having unless, like Conrad Beisel, we have a "new name in the Lord." For myself, if I lived in Pennsylvania, it would not be "Friedsam" but "Streitsam"—not the peaceful one, but the fighter.

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

V—STRIKES AND APPRENTICES

BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

DEAR JIM: I'm out on a strike! The thing simply had to come. It wasn't the work of the business agent, or walking delegate, as he is sometimes called—the men themselves seemed determined to go out, in spite of all that he could do to prevent them. His job is no cinch. He got a terrific roasting at one of our recent meetings. He was making his regular report, telling about the sick members that he had visited, the men for whom he had found employment, those who needed help of various kinds, and so on, when a hot-headed fellow blazed at him:

"Why didn't you call a strike at Owen's? They've got six non-union men in that shop."

"I have seen them all," Hutchins replied, "and given them application blanks for membership in the union. They promised to come in as soon as they could."

Then another chap jumped on him:

"You know that Fisher is hiring more apprentices than our contract permits—why don't you make trouble for him?"

"Because we'll soon have troubles enough of our own," said the business agent. "If I'm not greatly mistaken,

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we'll have the fight of our lives in less than a year, and we can't afford to butt into things at this stage of the game. We might better spend our time getting ready for something big, and hit hard when we do strike."

But the restless youngsters, all of them unmarried and with no particular responsibilities, gave him no peace. Night after night they got after him, working up the rest of the men, until finally it was voted to make a fight on our shop because the old man had hired more apprentices than our laws allowed. While the apprenticeship question was the thing upon which we struck, there are quite a good many other grievances that came out at a meeting of the strikers. Not any one of them amounts to very much in itself, but when they were discussed at our meeting and stacked up, it looked as though we were a pretty badly used set of men. The wonder was that we had so long stood these conditions without making a protest!

For some inconceivable reason, the old man has given the management of affairs into the hands of the Assistant Super. Howell happens to be out West, where he went to superintend a ticklish job, but the boss might better have seen our representative than to give the whole matter into the hands of this fresh kid. To make things worse, the Assistant Super has declared that he will not see our business agent. He insists that he will deal only with a committee of our own men. On the face of it, that seems like a reasonable proposition. But any fellow who dared go to the office and make a fight for us would be a marked man as long as he remained in that shop. He probably wouldn't stay there very long, because he would be conveniently dropped as a trouble-maker, when the chance came. Naturally, a man is compelled to say some strong things, no matter how polite he may want to be, when he is making a fight for a crowd of men who feel that they are being wronged. For that reason we prefer to have the business agent represent us, because the office can't touch him, and he is accustomed to fixing up contracts and agreements, so that he sees things in them that the average fellow wouldn't notice. Anyway, I'd like to know the difference between our business agent and the boss's business agent. Young Smarty doesn't own any stock in the company. He simply represents the stockholders. They have a perfect right to have him make a deal for them. But why haven't we the same right? They'll have to show me.

There are just two fellows who did not go out—Big Dan and the old fellow who "never went out on strike." Dan came out at noon about three days ago, to buy a can of beer. We had been urged to keep away from the shop, only the pickets being on guard. But there were some other fellows around who were looking for trouble. They had heard about the chaps who were at work, and when Dan came through the gate they lined up on the sidewalk and paid him their respects. It was when he came back from the saloon that they fixed him good and plenty. One of them stepped up behind him and kicked his bucket of beer clear across the street. Naturally, Dan objected. He objected with his fists. But the gang was too much for him. When he got up, his own mother wouldn't have known him. He was able to go home that night, and, to the surprise of the picket, he showed up the next morning, but he has given up drinking beer. Rather a tough way of giving a lesson in temperance, isn't it? But, do you know, while there probably isn't a man on strike who would have done Dan that way, there wasn't a bit of sympathy expressed for him when the pickets reported this little episode at the meeting of the strikers next morning. They have great contempt for the scabs who are coming in to take our places, but they hate, with all the hatred of which they are capable, the fellow who is a traitor to their cause. I am told that a big Swede is running my machine—old "13." May his—well, never mind! He'll get his all right, if the boys ever get back. The term "scab," of which you have heard so much, is applied only to the fellow who takes another man's job during a strike. It is not used when speaking of the ordinary non-union man in times of peace.

They have put the office men at work

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in the shop. That is, those of them who have served their time and are familiar with the machine tools. Somehow, the boys do not have it in for the office men for doing this work. That is, they don't dislike them any more than they would under ordinary circumstances. There isn't much love lost between them anyway. With these men and the foremen, the two traitors, and about fifty scabs, they are getting out the repair work, but everything else is at a standstill, and it resolves itself into a question as to who can hold out longest. We have a strike fund that will last a couple of months, but six dollars for single men and eight dollars for those who are married don't pay many bills. Just to encourage us, the district business agent came into our meeting yesterday and gave us a pretty good "jollying." He told of some of his experiences with the bosses in other strikes, and how he had made monkeys of them all. Almost every second word was an oath. Some of the boys wouldn't stand for his language, and they suggested that he cut it out. But he couldn't help it. Every little while he let loose again in telling about what he had accomplished. His speech didn't help very much, because he was too much of a "four-flusher." In other words, he was a big bluffer. Our own little fellow, while not so great in the fireworks line, says more in three minutes than his superior can say in half an hour. The regular "walking delegate" who looks after local business is very much like the rest of us. This officer is changed quite often, but it brings out into the open some pretty good fellows. They get a fair day's wages for their salary, and it keeps them hustling, as a rule, to earn it. They don't work as steadily as the rest of us, but when they do work there's something doing. Sometimes our local man is called to other cities to help out, but as a rule he sticks close to his job around here. And, as I said before, he has troubles enough of his own.

It is when the business agent goes higher up that he sometimes gets away from the boys. He becomes a sort of professional man, sits in his office, or talks to the fellows from the platform or through the Journal. That isn't always satisfactory either to him or to us; but I suppose it is one of the penalties of the job.

Because there is this separation, you can easily understand that sometimes there is a little misunderstanding. The National officers are always being accused of something or other, the stories, as a rule, being started by outsiders, although sometimes they originate with some fellows who want their jobs. But it is remarkable that the rank and file thoroughly believe in O'Connell, our National President, and in nearly every other official. And these men do not make any bids for popularity, either. They just go ahead on the job to which they have been elected by a popular ballot, and try to make good. We are quite satisfied with our officials, in spite of the trouble-makers.

A little while ago one of them addressed a mass-meeting of the machinists in New York and vicinity, and we presented him with a gold-headed umbrella and a diamond ring. I suppose that already some lawyer-secretary of a manufacturers' association has called attention to these unusual adornments of our official and accused him of grafting, or "How could a labor leader afford to wear a diamond ring and sport a big gold-headed umbrella?"

But to come back to the strike and its cause.

I suppose you are wondering why we fellows should go out on strike principally because there are too many apprentices in the shop. Why shouldn't any American boy be permitted to learn any trade? That's what the newspapers and the bosses' journal are asking. If the unions keep up this "pernicious fight," they say, there will soon be no more machinists. "The demand is already greater than the supply." In the first place, the latter statement is not true. I discovered that when I came here to look for a job. Some of the bosses almost kicked me out of their offices, until I felt like joining those Socialists that I wrote you about. Furthermore, it isn't the machinists' union that is preventing boys from learning a trade. The bosses themselves are responsible

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for this. There is hardly a shop in town in which, under ordinary conditions, a boy will be turned out a full-fledged machinist. He stands a pretty good chance in a small shop, but in the big ones he will probably become a "specialist." He is hired at about three dollars a week, and put to work on a machine. He is kept at work on this machine—unless he is an unusual youngster and kicks hard—for an indefinite period. Sometimes he never gets away from it. We have a screw-making machine in the shop which trims a brass rod to the required thickness, cuts the thread, carves out a little shoulder, smooths off the head, and nips it off the rod, completed, in less time than it has taken me to write this sentence. All that the apprentice has to do is to shove in a long brass rod at one end, from which the machine helps itself. He never touches the screw from start to finish, neither does he bother much with the machine. He is responsible for six such machines. That is, he feeds six. The machine does the rest. When he runs one of the old standard machine tools, he is able, in about a year or so, to earn pretty nearly as much as a regular machinist on that kind of a job, but his pay is advanced only about a dollar a week. He spoils more work, and it may not be as good in all respects, but it goes. When the boy finishes his apprenticeship and is ready for a journeyman's wages, he is also ready to be fired, and that is what often happens to him, unless he will work for very small wages. The Super himself told me some time ago that not one boy in twenty amounts to anything after he has finished his apprenticeship. So that the plan not only results in cutting out the mechanic whose place the apprentice has taken, but the boy himself never becomes a full-fledged machinist. That's why there are so many incompetents, and that's why the union is fighting the apprenticeship proposition. It isn't all a disinterested fight in favor of the boy, because you can see how it affects the journeyman, but indirectly it is really a fight for our American boys, who are fast being crowded out by foreign mechanics, who come here better trained than the average American machinist. The bosses are not philanthropists. They are in business in order to make dividends. They hire as many apprentices as they can get hold of, squeeze them dry, and then throw them out. If they were compelled to hire fewer boys, the boys who are hired would stand a better show.

Talking about machine tools—you know that when machinery was first introduced in other industries, we machinists flattered ourselves that we would be right in it; but since they have begun making machines to make machines, and to turn out still other machines that make the machines that made these machines, we too are in danger of being turned into machines. That is, we may become parts of machines—the least important part—a necessary evil. We are not worth as much as a machine to the boss, but we cause him a great deal more trouble.

Trade schools have been started for the purpose of teaching boys to become all-round mechanics. It is supposed that this will help, and I guess it will, to some extent. Employers' associations are strongly backing these enterprises, but in most cases these schools become recruiting stations for scabs when a strike is on. Most of our fellows believe that they are run principally for this purpose. The boys are attracted by the promise that graduates are given positions as foremen and superintendents upon graduation. Now, anybody who knows anything about any of the trades knows how ridiculous such a promise must be. There is quite a difference between using the playthings practiced upon in the average trade school and the real things that the youngster will be up against in the shop. He will find that even in ordinary practice he has a few things to learn; and as for superintending skilled mechanics—it is preposterous!

What's going to be done in regard to the apprentice question is a problem. We simply cannot continue to set up an artificial barrier. I think that every level-headed machinist realizes this. And the employers probably will not go out of their way to teach a boy the trade satisfactorily when they have so little

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use for skilled mechanics. They will always need a limited number, but the day has gone by when your average machinist will be in great demand, excepting in small shops and in repair shops. They will probably always need the machinists who assemble the products of the machines, but in general there will eventually be just two classes—the fellow who will simply be a machine attendant, and the big man at the top, who does the real brain work, the designing and the superintending.

Yours, SAM.

SOMEBODY'S LITTLE GIRL[1]

BY MARTHA YOUNG

IN TWO PARTS—I

IF I were just to tell the things that Bessie Bell remembered, I should tell you some very strange things. Bessie Bell did not know whether she remembered them, or just knew them, or whether they just grew, those strange things in some strange country that never was anywhere in the world; for when Bessie Bell tried to tell about those strange things, great grown wise people said, "No, no, Bessie Bell, there is nothing in the world like that."

So Bessie Bell just remembered and wondered.

She remembered how somewhere, sometime, there was a window where you could look out and see everything green, little and green, and always changing and moving, away, away—beyond everything little, and green, and moving all the time. But great grown wise folks said, "No, there is no window in all the world like that."

And once when some one gave Bessie Bell a little round red apple, she caught her breath very quickly and her little heart jumped and then thumped very loudly (that is the way it seemed to her), and she remembered: Little apple trees all just alike, and little apple trees in rows all just alike on top of those and again on top of those until they came to a great row of big round red apples on top of all.

But great grown people said, "No, no, Bessie Bell, there are no apple trees in all the world like that."

And one time Bessie Bell was at a pretty house and somebody sat her on a little low chair and said, "Keep still, Bessie Bell."

She kept still so long that at last she began to be afraid to move at all, and she got afraid even to crook up her little finger for fear it would pop off loud—she had kept still so long that all her round little fingers and her round little legs felt so stiff.

Then one great grown person said, "She seems a very quiet child." And the other said, "She is a very quiet child—sometimes."

But just then Bessie Bell turned her head, and though her round little neck felt stiff, it did not pop!—and she saw—something in a corner that was blue, green, and brown, and soft, and she forgot how afraid to move she was, and she forgot how stiff she thought she was, and she forgot how still she was told to be, and she jumped up and ran to the corner and cried out, "Pretty! Pretty! Pretty!"

One grown person took up the Thing that was blue, and green, and brown, and soft, and waved it to and fro, to and fro, in front of Bessie Bell.

And Bessie Bell clapped her hands, and jumped for joy, and laughed, and cried, "Boo! boo! boo!"

And Bessie Bell ran right into the Thing that was blue, and green, and brown, and soft, and she threw out her round little arms and clasped them about the Thing that was blue, and green, and brown, and soft!

And she pulled it over her face, and she laughed and cried for joy—because she remembered—

But the great grown person who had

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brought Bessie Bell to the pretty house said, "Oh, Bessie Bell! Why, Bessie Bell! For shame, Bessie Bell! How could you do so to the beautiful peacock-feather-fly-brush!"

So Bessie Bell could only cry—and that very softly—and feel ashamed as she was bid, and forget what it was that she remembered.

Bessie Bell might have remembered one time when a great house was all desolate, and when nobody or nothing at all breathed in the whole great big house but one little tiny girl and one great big white cat, with just one black spot on its tail.

The nurse that always had played so nicely with the tiny little girl was lying with her cheek in her hand over yonder.

The Grandmother who had always talked so much to the tiny little girl was not talking any more.

The tiny little girl was so sick that she only just could breathe quickly, just so—and just so—.

If Bessie Bell could remember that, it was only that she remembered the big white cat like a big soft dream. And she might have remembered how, now and then, the big cat put out a paw and touched the little girl's cheek, like a soft white dream-touch.

And that little girl had on a nightgown that was long, and soft, and white, and on that little white nightgown was worked, oh so carefully, in linen thread, "Bessie Bell."

Then the few people who walked about the world in Fever-time came in to that big house, and they took up that little tiny girl that breathed so softly and so quickly—just so!

And they read on her little white nightgown the words written with the linen thread, "Bessie Bell."

And they said, "Let us take this little girl with us."

They put a big soft white blanket around the little girl and walked out of the big house with her, some one carrying her in strong arms.

And the big white cat got down off the big white bed and rubbed himself against the bed-post, and went round and round the bed-post, and rubbed himself round and round the bed-post.

And the tiny little girl never saw the big house or the big soft white cat any more.

And now when it happened that she remembered something, great grown people said, "No, no, Bessie Bell, there is nothing in the world like that."

So she just wondered and remembered, and almost forgot what it was that she did remember.

Sister Mary Felice had all the little tiny girls playing in the sand: that was the place that was meant for the little girls to play in.

All the little girls had on blue checked aprons. All the aprons had straps and buttons behind.

For just one hour every day all the little tiny girls played in the sand, and while they played Sister Mary Felice sat on a willow-wrought bench and watched them play.

Then when that hour was exactly passed Sister Angela always came with a basket of netted canes, an Indian basket, on her arm. In the Indian basket were little cakes—such nice little cakes—always they had caraway seeds in them.

One day Sister Mary Felice said, "Sister Angela, did Sister Ignatius put too many caraway seeds in the cakes this time?"

Sister Angela said, "I think not, Sister Mary Felice. Will you try one?"

Sister Mary Felice said, "I thank you, Sister Angela."

Then Sister Mary Felice took one to try.

Then always Sister Angela, with the Indian basket on her arm, took all the little girls to the long back gallery that was latticed in.

On a low shelf close against the lattice sat a row of white basins.

Then all the little tiny girls washed their little tiny hands in the white basins. And while they washed their little tiny hands by twos and by threes together, two little girls washing their hands in one basin together, three little girls washing their hands together, they all oftentimes laughed together and said:

"Wash together!
And be friends forever!

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Wash together!
And be friends forever!"

Then Sister Angela held a long pink checked towel in her hands while the little tiny girls came as their tiny hands were washed and wiped them on the pink checked towel.

Then if two little girls took hold of the pink checked towel at once, they both laughed and sang:

"Don't wipe together,
Or we'll fight
Before night."

And the other little girls that were still washing their hands in the white basins on the low shelf by the back-gallery lattice sang over and over again:

"Wash together! We'll wash together!
And we'll be happy forever!"

When all the pink clean tiny hands were wiped dry, or as nearly dry as little girls do wipe tiny pink hands, on the pink checked towel held for them by Sister Angela, then Sister Angela hung the pink checked towel on the lowest limb of the arbor-vitæ tree. Then the little girls all ran to sit down in a row on the lowest step of the back gallery, with their little feet on the gravel below. Sister Angela walked the length of the row, and gave to each little girl in the row a sweet tiny cake, or maybe Sister Angela walked twice down the row and gave to each little girl two cakes, or sometimes maybe she walked three times down the row, and then each little girl had three cakes; but no one little girl ever had more than every other little girl.

Always Sister Angela sat a little way off from the row of the little girls. She always sat on a bench under the great magnolia tree and watched the tiny girls as they ate their tiny cakes.

And always the pink checked towel waved itself ever so softly to and fro on the lowest limb of the arbor-vitæ tree, for that was the way that pink checked towels did to help to dry themselves after helping to dry so many little pink fingers.

Often, so often, little brown sparrows came hopping to the gravel to pick up any tiny crumbs of cake that the little girls dropped, but you may be sure that they did not drop so very many, many little brown crumbs for little brown birds to find.

But if they were dropped, even if by rare chance were the crumbs so large as to be nearly as large as half of a cake—why, then, that crumb had to stay for those little birds. It was the law! The *law* that the little girls had made for themselves, and nobody but themselves knew about that law—for the good of the birds. But no little girl cared to disobey that law of their own that nobody but themselves knew about, for if one had—how dreadful it would have been!—no little girl would have played with her until—oh so long, so long—until she might at last have been forgiven!

So all the little brown crumbs that the tiny little girls did drop, why the tiny little brown birds did pick up—and they never said whether they liked caraway seeds or not!

One day when the tiny little girls were all in a row eating cakes, Sister Angela, sitting on a bench under the magnolia, said quite suddenly, "Good-morning!"

She rose up from her seat under the great magnolia.

Then the little brown birds fluttered up from the gravel.

Then all the little girls looked up.

There stood two pretty grown-up people.

And these two grown-up people had no soft white around their faces like the soft white around the face that Sister Angela wore, and they had no black veils, soft and long like the black veil that Sister Angela wore. And they had no little white crosses like the small white cross that Sister Angela wore on the breast of her soft black dress.

One of the pretty grown-up folks looked at one of the little tiny girls and said, "And what is her name?"

Sister Angela said, "Bessie Bell was written on her little white nightgown, done in linen thread."

And Sister Angela said, "Yes, we have always kept the little white night-gown."

And one of the pretty grown-up people

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said, "Yes, that was right. Always to keep the little white nightgown."

And the other grown-up person said, "And how comes that to be all that you know?"

Sister Angela said, "Because of the fever."

And the pretty one said, "The dreadful fever!"

Sister Angela said, "Yes. The dreadful fever. It often leaves none in a house, and even sometimes none in a whole neighborhood, to tell the story."

If, as Sister Angela and the pretty grown person talked, there came to Bessie Bell any thought of a great silent house, and a big white cat, with just one bit of black spot on its tail, why, if such a thought came to Bessie Bell, it came only to float away, away like white thistle seed—drifting away as dreams drift.

When the two pretty grown ones had gone away, then Sister Angela had nodded her head at the row of little girls, so that they might know that they might go on eating their cakes, for of course the little girls knew that they must hold their cakes in their hands and wait, and not eat, when Sister Angela had shaken her head gently at them while she talked to the two pretty ones. The little brown birds seem to know, too, that they could come back to the gravel to look for crumbs again.

Then, as the little girls were again eating their cakes, one little girl said, "Sister Angela, were they Sisters?"

Sister Angela said, "No, they are not Sisters."

Then another little girl asked, "Sister Angela, what were they, then?"

Sister Angela said, "They are only just ladies."

Then always after that Bessie Bell and the other little girls were glad when Only-Just-Ladies came to see them.

The sun shone nearly always, or it seemed to the little girls that it nearly always shone, out in that large garden where they could play the hour in the sand, and where they could spend one hour eating their cakes with their feet on the gravel, and where they could walk behind Sister Justina on all the shell-bordered walks around the beds (but they must not step on the beds)—just one hour. If a rain came, it always did surprise them: those little girls were always surprised when it rained! and they did not know exactly what to do when it rained, though they knew almost always what to do when the sun shone. One day when it rained it happened that the little girls were all left over the one hour in the long room where all the rows and rows of the little arm-chairs sat, and where all the little girls learned to Count, and to say Their Prayers, and to Tell the Time, and to sing "Angels Bright," and to know the A B C blocks. Sister Theckla, who always stayed the one hour in that room, had gone to say to the Sisters that the one hour was over, and that it was raining, and what must the little girls do now?

While Sister Theckla was gone all the little girls went to the windows, and all the tiny girls looked at the rain coming down, coming down in drops, so many drops; and so fast the drops came that they seemed to come in long strings of drops straight from the sky.

Then one little girl laughed and began to beat on the window by which she stood, to beat all over it as far as her little damp pink fingers could reach, and to say:

"Rain! Rain!
Go to Spain!
Rain! Rain!
Go to Spain!
Rain! Rain!
Go to Spain!"

And all the little girls thought that was so beautiful that they began to beat all over the windows, too, just as high and just as far as their little damp pink fingers could reach, and to sing as loud and as gayly as they could sing:

"Rain! Rain!
Go to Spain!"

Sister Theckla and Sister Angela came to the door of the room, and they were so astonished that they could only look at one another and say to one another, "What do they mean? Where did they learn that?"

And the little girl who had taught the other little girls that much of the song remembered some more; and so she

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beat louder than ever on the window-pane and said:

"Rain, rain, rain,
Go away—
And come another day!"

All the little girls laughed more than ever and sang louder than ever:

"Rain, rain, rain,
Go away!
Come again another day!"

Then Sister Angela looked at Sister Theckla and said, "Where did the child learn that, do you suppose?"

And Sister Theckla said, "She is older than the others. She must have learned it at home!"

And Sister Angela and Sister Theckla came into the room and they said, "See, now, what you have done to the windows!"

Sure enough, when the little girls looked at the windows the glass was all dim and blurred with little damp finger-prints!

It was one day, as the sun shone as it did shine most days, that the same little girl who knew how to sing that song when it rained was running on the shell-bordered walk, holding Bessie Bell's hand and running, when her little foot tripped up against Bessie Bell's foot—and over Bessie Bell rolled on the walk with the shell border.

Then Bessie Bell cried and cried.

And Sister Mary Felice said, "Bessie Bell, where are you hurt?"

Bessie Bell did not know where she was hurt; she only knew that she was so sorry to have been so happy to be running, and then to roll so suddenly on the walk.

Then the little girl said, "She isn't hurt at all. She is just crying."

Sister Mary Felice said, "But you threw her down. You must tell her you are sorry."

Then the little girl said, "But I didn't mean to throw her down."

"But," Sister Mary Felice said, "you did trip her up, and you must beg her pardon."

Then Sister Theckla came to take all the little girls to the room where so many chairs sat in so many rows, and she too said, "Yes, you must beg her pardon."

Bessie Bell was listening so that she had almost stopped crying, but now, when Sister Mary Felice and Sister Theckla both said to the little girl, "Yes, you must beg pardon," then the little girl began to cry too.

Then Bessie Bell grew so sorry again, she hardly knew why or for what, that she began to cry again.

So then both Sisters said again, "Yes, you should beg pardon."

But the little girl still cried and said, "But I didn't mean to trip her." Then she shook her head at Bessie Bell and said—because she just had to say it:

"I beg your pardon!
Grant me grace!
I hope the cat will scratch your face!"

Oh! Sister Mary Felice looked at Sister Theckla, and Sister Theckla looked at Sister Mary Felice—and they both said, "Where *did* she learn that?"

But Bessie Bell knew that the little girl did not mean to throw her down, so she said, "No, you didn't mean to do it."

She had thought she ought to say that, and she had been getting ready to say that before the little girl had been made to beg her pardon, and now that she had gotten ready she said, "No, you didn't mean to do it."

Then the little girl stopped crying too, and ran and caught Bessie Bell's hand again and said to her again:

"I beg your pardon!
Grant me grace!
I hope the cat *won't* scratch your face!"

So they went skipping down the walk together, just as they had gone before. Then Sister Mary Felice and Sister Theckla both said, "Well! Well!"

One time it came about that Bessie Bell lay a long time in her little white crib-bed, and she did not know why, and she did not care much why. She did not get up and play in the sand while Sister Mary Felice looked one hour at the little girls playing in the sand.

She scarcely wondered why she did not leave the crib-bed to sit on the long gallery step in a row with all the other

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little girls, all with their feet on the gravel, and all eating the tiny cakes that Sister Ignatius made, while Sister Angela sat on the bench under the magnolia tree and looked at the row of little girls.

If sometimes just at waking from fitful sleep in her crib-bed there came to her just a thought, or a remembrance, of a great big soft white cat that reached its paw out and softly touched her cheek, it came to her only like the touch of fancy in a big soft white dream.

Often Only-Just-Ladies came and talked over her little white crib with Sister Helen Vincula.

Bessie Bell's little fingers were no longer pink and round now; they lay just white, so white and small, on the white spread. And Bessie Bell did not mind how quiet she was told to be, for she was too tired to want to make any noise at all.

One day it happened that an Only-Just-Lady came and said: "Sister Helen Vincula, I want to give you a ticket to carry you away to the high mountain, and I want you to go to stay a month in my house on the mountain, and I want you to carry this little sick girl with you. And when you are there, Sister Helen Vincula, my bread-man will bring you bread, and my milk-man will bring you milk, and my market-man from the cove will bring you apples and eggs, and all the rest of the good things that come up the mountain from the warm coves.

"For," the Only-Just-Lady said, "I want this little sick girl to grow well again, and I want her little arms and legs and fingers to get round and pink again."

Bessie Bell thought that that was a very pretty tale that the Lady was telling, but she did not know or understand that that tale was about her. Then the Only-Just-Lady said, "Sister Helen Vincula, it will do you good, too, as well as this little girl, to stay in the high mountains."

Not until all of Bessie Bell's little blue checked aprons, and all of her little blue dresses, and all of her little white petticoats, and all of her little white nightgowns, and even the tiny old nightgown with the linen thread name worked on it, had been put with all the rest of her small belongings into the old trunk with brass tacks in the leather, the old, old trunk that had belonged to Sister Helen Vincula, did Bessie Bell know that it was herself, little Bessie Bell, who was going away Somewhere.

It was a very strange new world to Bessie Bell, that new world up on the High Mountain.

She did not think the grand views off the edge of the high mountain so strange. But she loved to look out on those views as she stood by Sister Helen Vincula on the gray cliff, Sister Helen Vincula holding her hand very fast while they both looked down into the valleys and coves. As the shadows of evening crept up to the cliff whereon they stood, and as those shadows folded round and round the points and coves, those points and coves lying below and beyond fold over fold, everything grew purple and violet.

Everything grew so purple, and so violet, and so great, and so wide that it seemed sometimes to the little girl, standing on the cliff by Sister Helen Vincula, that she was looking right down into the heart of a violet as great, as wide—as great, as wide—as the whole world.

But this did not seem so strange to Bessie Bell, for she yet remembered that window out of which one could see just small, green, moving things, and of which great grown people had told her, "No, Bessie Bell, there is no such window in all the world."

So in her own way she thought that maybe after awhile the big, big violet might drift away, away, and great grown people might say, "No, Bessie Bell, there never was a violet in all the world like that."

It was the people—and all the people—of that new world that seemed so strange to Bessie Bell.

There were children, and children in all the summer cabins on that high mountain.

And those children did not walk in rows.

And those children did not do things by one hours.

And those children did not wash their hands in little white basins sitting in rows on long back gallery benches.

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It was strange to Bessie Bell that those children did not sit in rows to eat tiny cakes with caraway seeds in them while Sister Angela sat on the bench under the great magnolia tree and looked at the row of little girls.

It was so very strange to Bessie Bell that these children wore all sorts of clothes—all sorts! Not just blue dresses, and blue checked aprons.

And Bessie Bell knew, too, that those little girls in all sorts of clothes could not float away into that strange country of No-where, and Never-was, where, too, the things that she seemed to remember drifted away—and to so nearly get lost, living only in dimming memory.

These little girls in all sorts of clothes were real, and sure-enough, and nobody could ever say of them, "There are no such little girls in the world," because sometimes when Bessie Bell would get to thinking and thinking about the strangeness of them, she would almost wonder if she did not just remember them. When she would give one just a *little* pinch to see if that one was a real sure-enough little girl, why, that little girl would say "Don't." She would say, "Don't!" just the same as a little girl in the row of little girls all with blue checked aprons would say "Don't," if you pinched one of them ever so little.

There were no Sisters on that high mountain. Sister Helen Vincula was the only Sister there. That seemed very strange to Bessie Bell.

One day the strangest thing of all so far happened.

One little girl called another little girl with whom she was playing, "Sister."

Bessie Bell laughed at that.

"Oh, she is not a Sister!" said Bessie Bell.

"Yes, she is; she is my sister!" said the little girl.

"No," said Bessie Bell, just as great grown people said to her when she remembered strange things, "no, there never was in the world a Sister like that!"

Then the smaller of the little girls who were playing together ran to the larger one, and caught hold of her hand, and they stood together in front of Bessie Bell—they both had long black curls, but Bessie Bell had short golden curls—and the smaller girl said, "Yes, she is my sister!"

And the larger girl said, "Yes, she is, too. She is my-own-dear-sister!"

The smaller little girl shook her black curls and said, "She is my own-dear-owny-downy-dear-sister!"

In all of her life Bessie Bell had never heard anything like that.

And all the other little girls who were playing joined in and said, "Bessie Bell doesn't know what she is talking about. Of course you are sisters. Everybody knows you are sisters!"

Bessie Bell was distressed to be told that she did not know what she was talking about—and she knew so much about Sisters.

So she began to cry, very softly.

Then she stopped crying long enough to say, "But I never saw Sisters like that before!"

Then she took up her crying again right where she left off.

Then a little boy—but he seemed a very large boy to Bessie Bell with his long-striped-stocking-legs—said to Bessie Bell, "No, Bessie Bell, they are not Sisters like Sister Helen Vincula and the Sisters that you know, but they are just what they say they are—just own dear sisters."

Then came to Bessie Bell that knowledge that we are oftentimes slow in getting: she knew all of a sudden—that she did not know everything. She did not know all, even about Sisters.

Because, in all that she knew or remembered or wondered about, there was nothing at all about that strange thing that all the little children but herself knew so well about—"Own-dear-sisters."

Another strange thing came into her mind, brought into her mind partly by her ears, but mostly by her eyes: There were not in this new world on the high mountain—perhaps there were not after all so many anywhere as she had thought—there were not so many Sisters like Sister Helen Vincula (for was not Sister Helen Vincula the only Sister she had seen on the mountain?). There were not after all so many Sisters like Sister Angela; and Sister Mary Felice, who watched the little blue-checked-apron girls playing in the sand; and

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Sister Ignatius, who cooked the cakes with the caraway seeds in them; and Sister Theckla, who taught the little girls to Count and to Sing.

Why, the whole world, surely the upon-the-mountain-world, seemed full of Only-Just-Ladies.

Not just a Lady here and there, coming to visit with hats on, to talk a little to the Sisters, to look at the little girls with blue checked aprons on. But here they were coming and going all the time, moving about, and living in the cabins, walking everywhere with or without hats on, standing on the gray cliffs, and looking down—maybe into the heart of a world-wide violet there, off the edge of the cliff, such as Bessie Bell saw or fancied she saw.

So many Ladies.

Bessie Bell leaned against the little fluted post of the gallery to the cabin that she and Sister Helen Vincula lived in, and decided to herself that, strange as it was, yet was it true that the whole world was full of—Ladies.

There were yet stranger things for Bessie Bell to learn.

She had not for long played with those many little girls in all sorts of clothes, and with larger girls, and with boys—some with short-striped-stocking-legs and some with long-striped-stocking-legs—before she heard one child say, "Mamma says she will take me to Sweet Fern Cave to-morrow."

Or perhaps it was another child who said, "Mamma won't let me wade in the branch."

Or another child said, "Mamma says I can have a party for all the little girls and boys on the mountain next Friday!"

Then another little child said, "My Mamma has made me a beau-ti-ful pink dress, and I will wear that to your party."

Mamma? My Mamma?

Bessie Bell leaned against the little fluted post of the gallery to the cabin where she and Sister Helen Vincula lived, and thought a great deal about that.

And Bessie Bell wondered a great deal what that could mean:

Mamma? My Mamma?

There were strange new things in this world.

Bessie Bell almost forgot to remember now, because every day was so full of such strange new things to know.

Mamma? My Mamma?

Bessie Bell did a great deal of thinking about that.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

SOME ENJOYABLE LETTERS

IT is a rest to turn from the tangle and hurry of many recent books, discussing all sorts of religious and social experiments and philanthropic plans, to say nothing of foolish attempts at fiction, both romantic and problematic, and sit down before the fire to enjoy the "Letters of Dr. John Brown."[1] Here was a man, doing his chosen work in the world, suffering the common sorrows of the world, holding the common prejudices, and succumbing at times to his burdens, yet, from the beauty and exquisite purity of his nature, gathering about him more friends than do most men.

These letters begin in 1830, when the boy was in Edinburgh, assistant to a Scottish doctor, and poured out his home-loving heart in letters to his sister and brother, a delightful mingling of youthful spirits and assumption of the authority suitable to an elder brother. Brought up in a "Secession Manse," under the care of his father, he never ceased to appreciate and refer with affection to the atmosphere of that home. He pored over his father's well-selected library, and the seeds of all his after life were sown in his childhood's home. It was happily said, "He had nothing to unlearn." Very early he began to observe character in animals as well as in people, a mental equipment that served him well both in his profession and in literature. He came in one day saying he had seen such a good, conscientious dog—"his muzzle had come off and he was bringing it home in his mouth." Of a St.

[1] Letters of Dr. John Brown. Edited by his Son and D. W. Forrest, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4, net.

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Bernard he said, "He was a complete *intake*, like many men and *some* women! He has a good face, handsome figure, and *no brains worth mentioning*." When he was thirty, with an increasing practice and many friends who were distinguished in Edinburgh society, he married a beautiful girl, full of ability, whose exquisite face looks out from these pages.

With an eager and trained mind, he was quick to recognize talent in the world of literature and art, and immediately upon the appearance of the productions of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" he hailed him as a rising star, and his interest in and friendship for the great Englishman began to increase steadily until the death of Thackeray in 1864. That year was marked by the overwhelming sorrow that came to Dr. Brown in the loss of his wife. The natural tendency of his sensitive, introspective Scottish nature toward self-depreciation and melancholy overcame his spirits for a time, but his letters show him bravely fighting the demon of depression, and coming out a victor. His comments upon literary men, women, and their works are keen and most engaging. Tempting quotations are lurking on almost every page. In 1851 he indulges himself in the "luxury of disrespect" and stoutly maintains to Lady Trevelyan that he cares nothing for Jenny Lind, detests Mrs. Browning and "Festus," and prefers "Thackeray ten times over to Dickens." He once thought Ruskin "very nearly a god," but concludes later that "we must cross the River before we get at our gods." Dickens, he declares, is a child of genius, but only a child. "He never progresses, never improves, never studies, never restrains." Later, he says Dickens is hard-hearted—"softest outside and hardest at the core." His love and admiration for Thackeray constantly increased, though he did say once that he wearied of Thackeray's winking constantly to the reader. He was very hard on George Eliot, and accused her of "a sort of coarse George Sandism, without her amazing genius and beauty of word." Her books were not *born*, but manufactured. She is the maker, not the mother, of her characters—"so disagreeably *knowing*" that she is unwholesome. This sort of judgment may be partly accounted for by the conservative cast of both Dr. Brown's mind and the society in which he lived. In 1873 he met Mark Twain and formed a delightful friendship with him and his wife. The latter he describes as "a startlingly pretty creature, with eyes like a peregrine's, and better than she looks." He delighted in Stevenson, calling "Travels with a Donkey" "true genius, a new liquor, fresh and aromatic." Lowell was to him a "full man" and a great poet. "I would much rather be him than Tennyson or Browning," he says in the warmth of personal liking. Perhaps if he had known Longfellow he would not have set him down hard as "a sort of male Mrs. Hemans!" His rapidly written, intimate letters are not to be regarded as the sober reflections of a man at leisure, but they thrill one as the warm-hearted, quick-minded expressions of a real man.

His estimate of his own literary work was very modest, and he seemed surprised at his popularity. In the preface to an illustrated edition of "Rab and His Friends" Dr. Brown tells us how he came to tell the story; it was as if it demanded telling, "as if I heard Rab whining at the door to get in or out"—"whispering how meek and gentle he could be;" or "as if James was entreating me on his death-bed to tell all the world what his Ailie was." In 1862 he wrote "Pet Marjorie" for Cornhill; as he writes, Thackeray is in despair, for "Agnes of Sorrento" is "fast sinking the ship." In the same letter he says the Americans have cut and carved his "Horæ" very skillfully and called it "Spare Hours," and dedicated "the remains affectionately to a man I never saw and may say don't know, Mr. Quaker Whittier." No one can read Dr. Brown's charming letters to his child friends, with their comical pen sketches, without recognizing the touch that makes "Pet Marjorie" such a treasure. Sometimes his spirits run high and he writes a whole letter of absolutely delightful nonsense. Then comes a glimpse into his sad heart, burdened by personal bereavement and overweighted with the sympathy of a good physician whose practice

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has always been largely among his personal friends.

A number of letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others are given, and they show distinctly the estimation in which Dr. Brown was held by his friends. Here is a bit from Ruskin, who says he *cannot* go into society because "people are perpetually trying to discuss things with me of which I *know* the bottom and all round, and have *told* them the bottom and all round twenty years ago; and the deadly feeling of the resilience and immortality of the undintable caoutchouc of which most people's heads are made of is too much for me." Thackeray writes from America: "It's all exaggeration about this country—barbarism, eccentricities, nigger cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say; there in Edinburgh you *are* educated). I think these four sides of paper might contain all I have got to say regarding the country, which I can't see for the dinners, etc." There are some clever pen drawings and a facsimile letter or two of Thackeray in the book.

Lady Trevelyan, Dean Stanley, R. H. Hutton, Miss Martineau, Gladstone, Jowett, Sir Henry Taylor, of his English friends, and Mark Twain, Dr. Holmes, and one or two others from America, are grouped in pleasant correspondence with the well-beloved physician and writer for whom his son quotes, as words fitting to close the record of his life, "O man greatly beloved, go thou thy way until the end; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

Comment on Current Books

The Formation of the New Testament

How did the books which are included in what we call the New Testament come to be set apart by themselves? When were they selected? By whom? Why? These are the questions which the author of "The Formation of the New Testament"[1] undertakes to answer. The result is a careful, scholarly, courageous work. Its scholarship does not prevent it from being intelligible to the reader who has no special technical equipment for the study of church history, nor does it prevent it from conveying a religious impression. The problem of the New Testament canon is a vital one. It concerns fundamentals. It is not enough to say that the various books of the New Testament are inspired and leave the matter there, for the question at once arises, What was the nature of the inspiration that selected those books and rejected all others? Mr. Ferris traces in the Christian writings of the post-apostolic age the process by which the various documents were sifted. At the close of the apostolic era authority was recognized in any writing, saying, or tradition which embodied the spirit of the Lord. In the beginning of the second century there was no closed book which exclusively contained the authoritative source of the Christian religion; even the Gospels were not regarded as inviolable. Tatian, when he made his Diatessaron by combining into one document the four Gospels, intended, as the use of it showed, not to produce a harmony to supplement the Gospels and elucidate them, but to produce rather a substitute gospel which should supplant the four. Neither Justin nor Clement of Alexandria was governed in his comment upon the Gospels and Epistles by the idea that they contained a definite and final deposit of truth. Indeed, there were orthodox writers who regarded all expressions of truth, like the sayings of Socrates and Heraclitus, as inspired by the word of God. Gradually, however, various philosophies of Christ and of God arose among the Christian teachers. There came to be less concern for simple and pure life and more concern for the apprehension of truth. Indeed, there became prevalent the notion that salvation was to be obtained through right knowledge. As a consequence, there grew up a demand for a norm or rule of knowledge; and this norm, or rule, was sought for in the apostolic age. Whatever could be proved to be apostolic was proved to be true. Mr. Ferris takes occasion to point out that this idea is still widely current in the church, and that it accounts for a mechanical view of revelation. In consequence of this belief these Christian teachers sought in the apostolic writings the sanction for their various philosophies. By allegoriz-

[1] The Formation of the New Testament. By George Hooper Ferris. Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 90c., net.

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ing methods they easily found this sanction. For example, "the story of Simeon taking the infant Christ in his arms meant the Demiurge rendering thanks to Buthos for the arrival of the world-forming æon." In the same way modern theologians succeed in finding the doctrine of the Trinity in all sorts of passages. The rise of the Montanists, whose distinction lay in their belief in the ever-present spirit of God as a continual inspiration for right living, brought the situation to a crisis. There was only one thing to do. The hierarchy had to pronounce a selected list of books to be an exclusive deposit of infallible truth. Mr. Ferris points out, as others have done, the anomaly of the traditional Protestant position, for Protestantism "has taken from the Catholic Church the conception of an apostolic New Testament, but has rejected the apostolic authority of the bishops, by which the New Testament was closed." Although in this struggle between what Sabatier calls the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit the religion of authority won a complete victory, and as a consequence a great mass of literature, containing we know not how much of value, was lost, the religion of the spirit has by no means been destroyed. In spite of the uncritical method of the selection and in spite of the mechanical theories that governed it, the New Testament does indubitably give us a true and trustworthy picture of Christ. "It is because the world has found him there," writes Mr. Ferris, "that it is willing to go and sell every other book and buy that book." Mr. Ferris concludes with these sentences, which interpret the spirit of what he has written concerning the New Testament: "That the pages that tell us of Christ constitute the supreme inheritance of all time few will dispute. To free those pages from a perfunctory reverence and help center the thought and hope of Christendom on the great Head of the Church we hope will be the result of our study."

Another Chance

Seminary students and young ministers who are studious how to preach most effectively should read these twelve sermons.[1] They are excellent specimens of the sort of preaching needed to-day—preaching that grips the conscience. Except for two or three negligible references to points of controversy in theology and criticism, they focus attention upon that loyalty to the divine law which is the supreme concern of religion. On this they speak with heart-searching directness in rebuke of common sins, and also with that charitable consideration for human weakness, a hint of which is given in the title of the collection. Dr. Smith rightly disparages "morality" as a substitute for "spirituality." Many preachers as well as many congregations, however, fail to distinguish the spiritual morality taught by Jesus from the conventional morality both of pagans and pharisees, which even in some churches is still fancied to be the real thing. Dr. Smith pleads for vital, spiritual morality.

[1] Giving a Man Another Chance, and Other Sermons. By Wilton Merle Smith. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.

The Riddle of Personality

A singularly well-balanced judgment is needed to succeed in the task set for himself by Mr. H. Addington Bruce in his discussion of man's latent powers.[1] But he has distinctly proved that he is possessed of that rare gift. Evidently holding well-defined opinions upon points still in dispute, he is able to stand aside and treat with justice, and even with sympathy, the conclusions reached by other investigators. In many ways his contribution to the interesting subject is unique. He tells the story of the scientific investigation of all the manifestations, many of them still doubtfully christened, in the most lucid way, and skillfully holds the reader's attention to the end. Every one knows the terms subliminal self, hypnotism, telepathy; but few could give a clear idea of the actual use of the words. Mr. Bruce sketches the progress of the problem from the magician Mesmer and his "doings" down to the latest American explorers of the sub-conscious world. His account of the work of the Society for Psychical Research is particularly interesting. His own conviction is that everything ascribed to the influence of departed spirits under the theories of "spiritism" (a more exact term than spiritualism) can be equally well explained by the theory of telepathy. In view of the reluctance among certain scientists to accept the telepathic hypothesis, Mr. Bruce simply throws the burden of proof upon them. His adaptation of telepathic explanations is most ingenious, and to an extent most plausible. Noting that all the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research have failed to establish scientifically the persistence of personality after bodily death, Mr. Bruce claims for himself a belief in that continuance, based upon the acknowledged limitations of our earthly development, the inconceivability of lack of purpose in our endowments, and the logic uniting with faith that demands a hereafter, to confirm a conviction that "we shall at last come into our complete heritage, at last be veritably as

[1] The Riddle of Personality. By H. Addington Bruce. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

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men grown to full stature." The book is one of great value, and written in a style that will bring enlightenment to many readers.

Who's Who The three most useful books of reference in a newspaper office are a good general encyclopædia, a dictionary, and "Who's Who in America."[1] It is indeed rather trying on one's patience to await a new edition of "Who's Who," when the one at hand is nearly two years old; and annual publication would be most welcome, although probably it would not be financially profitable. The 1908–9 copy just at hand has 2,271 pages (exclusive of advertising matter) of thin paper in an easily handled single volume. There are 16,395 biographical sketches, and the editors continue the valuable plan of retaining the names of persons who have died, with reference to biographies in previous volumes of "Who's Who." A new section is an index by geographical locality—State and town or city. The index for New York City shows nearly twenty pages of closely printed names; that for Wales has one—Adelina Patti. We foresee certain positive usefulness in this new feature; if we want to apply to an American in the Transvaal for information, we learn that we can write to Mr. Snodgrass (consul); if we want to get information from Celina, Ohio, we can write to Mr. Tourelle (Congressman). The preface gives some interesting summaries derived from the data in the biographies, and this work might easily be carried much further. We congratulate publishers and editors on the deserved success of this constantly useful book. They have kept its sketches rigidly down to a statement of facts, have thereby avoided the sickly adulation which has marked some biographical encyclopædias, and in every way have kept the book on a practical besis.

Some Americans Mr. Eugene Wood, in "Folks Back Home,"[1] discloses a social world that is not known in those parts of our country now successfully held by immigrants from Europe. Central Ohio, or, as we hear it is called there, *Ahia*, is essentially old-time America, and these sketches of simple, homely life will appeal to readers who enjoy a certain amount of dialect, and association with thoroughly sensible, upright people. The story of the old Methodist minister, "Stars in His Crown," is beautifully told, and represents a marvelous spiritual agency, still active in our land. The author wields the magic wand that is the possession of all writers who can reach the hidden springs of common humanity; of those who write simply concerning things they have known always, and in which the kinship of us all is discerned.

[1] Who's Who in America, 1908-1909. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago. $4, net.
[1] Folks Back Home. By Eugene Wood. The McClure Company, New York.

For Young Folks That the "What Every Child Should Know"[1] series of volumes has undoubtedly met with the approval of young people and of their parents is shown by the rapid extension of the series to new subjects. Two volumes have just been issued. One is a complementary volume to "Heroes," and deals with "Heroines that Every Child Should Know." The selection by the editors (the name of Kate Stephens is, in this case, given as co-editor with Mr. Mabie) has been to illustrate a wide range of heroism in the lives of brave and noble women, and this is carried out by selecting heroines of such diverse histories as those of Joan of Arc, Pocahontas, and Florence Nightingale. The book will, of course, appeal especially to girls, and seems, in our judgment, to be one of the very best of the series. The other volume contains a selection of "Essays," of which it may be said, through a slight modification of the title, that every young person, if not every child, *should* know and would admire if once known. It cannot quite be expected that a young child would care for all these selections (such, for instance, as the extracts from Addison and De Quincey), but the essays or narratives are, in every case, written simply, and most of them would appeal to the young imagination vividly.

Municipal Ownership Again Probably the most interesting papers in Professor John A. Fairlie's recently published collection of essays on municipal government[2] are those exhibiting the results of municipal ownership in foreign countries and discussing the desirability of municipal ownership in the United States. As Professor Fairlie points out, the subject is one on which it is very easy to dogmatize either way; whereas, in reality, the questions it raises are so complicated that generalizations are dangerous in the extreme. What may prove successful in the cities of one country may be a lamentable failure in the cities of another, the outcome depending largely on local conditions. And since this is the case, Professor Fairlie argues, each city should have the legal authority to determine its own policy, subject to certain limitations on its financial powers. He adds:

[1] Essays that Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 90c., net.
Heroines that Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie and Kate Stephens. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 90c., net.
[2] Essays in Municipal Administration. By John A. Fairlie, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

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"Where franchises are granted to private corporations they should be framed with more regard to the public interests than has been the case in most of the earlier franchises in this country. Present tendencies are toward short-term franchises (twenty to twenty-five years) with provisions as to rates and service; but it may be suggested that with a more continuing public control over rates and service and a clear power on the part of cities to purchase the plants at a fair valuation, the limitation on the duration of the franchise is of less importance." Besides municipal ownership, such important subjects are discussed as the relation of civil service reform to municipal administration, American municipal councils, the revenue systems of American and foreign cities, and the need for instruction in municipal government. In outline form, then, Professor Fairlie's work covers a wide range, and students of municipal government will find it helpful in many ways.

The Climatic Pulse

Geography is the oldest of the sciences. We do not always think of it, however, as being as deep as it is old. We are too apt to regard it merely as a school-boy study of maps and description of places. But this is only the beginning of geography. It also tells us what plants and animals live in the places it describes. Then it tells why the human inhabitants of certain regions have peculiar habits and customs. Thus it shows the relation between man's physical environment and himself. It shows the geographic basis to history. We do not always take into account that the potent factors in sociology or history are often the suitability of a region for agriculture, mining, or manufacturing, the relation of land and sea, the presence of mountains, above all, climate. While, of course, physical processes explain only some of the qualities of man's development, the seven years spent by Mr. Ellsworth Huntington in Asiatic Turkey and Central Asia have impressed upon him the importance of the geographic basis in the study of the science of man to a greater degree than has been generally accepted. Hence his book.[1] It describes Central Asia in particular. It shows the immense influence exerted by changes of climate upon the history of that region. For instance, its increasing aridity gives rise to famines and great distress. These in turn are fruitful of wars and migrations. In turn, the wars and migrations engender the fall of dynasties and the absorption of states by more powerful rivals. Thus, as Mr. Huntington proves, its population has been changed with every mighty throb of the climatic pulse of Asia.

Letters to The Outlook

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH

[Mr. Andrew Carnegie's article under the title above given has called forth several letters of comment. We have selected one of these for publication, and append to it a reply which Mr. Carnegie has kindly prepared at our request.—THE EDITORS.]

If Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a Scotchman, he must lack familiarity with the recent history of banking in his country, when he avers in The Outlook that the currency of foreign countries is always redeemed in gold whenever presented. Even as late as 1878 the Bank of Glasgow, with its one hundred and thirty branch banks, failed, with liabilities of over fifty millions of dollars; having nearly four millions of dollars of its bills (currency) outstanding at the time.

These four millions of currency of the Bank of Glasgow proved to be worth a very little more than the paper on which they were written. The currency of the United States in 1860 was "asset currency," issued by banking institutions, "separated from the Government," and based on specie. This is practically the kind of currency which Mr. Carnegie now advises. We may now be permitted to ask him whether one dollar of the currency so issued, at the time amounting to over $207,000,000, was ever redeemed in specie? JAMES MCCARTY.

Sandy Hill, New York.

Mr. McCarty seems to think that asset currency with a gold basis as a system of banking is discredited because the City of Glasgow Bank failed thirty years ago and because the banks of the United States obeyed the law passed by Congress and approved by the President making greenbacks legal tender when Civil War raged.

No system can be devised that will render failures impossible, or which can control government action. The Glasgow Bank directors failed to perform their duties. The manager reported a reserve in gold which did not exist. Every one was imprisoned.

[1] The Pulse of Asia. By Ellsworth Huntington. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $3.50, net.

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One of the directors, a new member, I have always felt was unjustly punished. At his first meeting he asked that the gold reserve be counted. This was denounced as insulting to the manager, who had certified to it as counted and found correct. The embarrassed proposer was silenced. Nevertheless the Court held that he should have persisted, and imprisoned him for six months. No bank has failed in Scotland since. When we imprison managers and all members of the Boards of Directors who fail to discharge their duties, we need fear little. The four millions of dollars of the bank's notes (currency) in circulation, which your correspondent says "proved to be worth a very little more than the paper on which they were written," were paid in full, as was every claim against the bank. The only weakness in the Scotch system, as Horace White points out in his standard work upon banking, is "the lack of government supervision," which we should never think of surrendering in our country; hence we should not be so liable as Scotch banks to cases of actual fraud.

Our distinguished fellow-citizen of New York, John S. Kennedy, was appointed trustee of all the Glasgow banks over American investments, and so managed them that he returned fifty per cent more than their assessed value. So that if one Glasgow man was false to his trust, there was another in New York who was true to his.

Mr. McCarty's last sentence is as follows: "We may now be permitted to ask him [the writer] whether one dollar of the currency so issued, at the time [war time, 1860] amounting to over $207,000,000, was ever redeemed in specie?"

Yes, the Bank of Pittsburgh redeemed all its notes in gold; but, as a rule, no currency is redeemed in specie. Holders prefer to settle balance by checks or to take notes for large amounts. In only four per cent of monetary transactions is gold or silver used. Banking with gold reserves means that any one preferring gold can have it; few do. In France, Britain, Germany, etc., bank notes have been preferred by the people.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

VIVISECTION

Will you permit a man who is an ardent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who again and again in the interest of humanity has subjected himself to the danger of summary arrest, and who, as far as his own treatment of animals is concerned, might claim the friendship of the poet Cowper, to add another word to the sadly vexed discussion on experimental research, even though what he has to say is not likely to meet with the ungrudging approval of the extremists on either side?

I know, no one knows it better, that many estimable and exemplary people, moved by tenderest feelings and actuated by the highest motives, have refused to sanction experimental research in any form on the high *a priori* ground that it is both unnecessary and cruel. I have the profoundest sympathy with such persons. I honor their feelings and respect their motives; but I strongly dissent from their judgment as being for the most part grounded on inaccurate statements and erroneous considerations. The law of vicarious sacrifice is a law of the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual life, and no living, sentient being can escape from its operation. Whatever we may think about it, or however we may seek to explain it, it is plainly of God's appointment that one animal may be used in the service of another and higher animal. To question this is to fly in the face of the whole cosmic process. I hold, therefore, that experiments performed on animals, with due care, for a high purpose, in a reverent spirit, and with results in good transcending any suffering inflicted, are not cruel. Cruelty lies in the wanton infliction of suffering, and in the performance of experiments for a low end, in research carelessly designed or carried out, in explorations which promise no such good results as will justify the suffering which is inflicted.

May I at this point express my great regret that the men who stand in the forefront of physiological and pathological science should have committed themselves, tacitly at any rate, to the position that no good can come of a discussion on this subject in the newspapers, even in those of the better sort? Men of science who take up an attitude of lofty disdain towards popular agitations and refuse even to point out the most glaring mistakes of the agitators may some day find themselves unexpectedly overwhelmed by a vast wave of popular ignorance. I do not say that this disaster, for it would be nothing less, is probable, but no one who has ever studied the history of opinion can doubt that it may very easily become possible.

With those who in the matter of experimental research want no specific evidence of cruelty, because they are convinced that the practice of vivisection both springs out of and engenders the vice of cruelty, it is impossible to contend by argument. At one point, however, the position of the anti-vivisectionists is assailable by reasoning. They broadly deny that experimentation on living animals has contributed to enlarge the

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domain of medical science, or to increase man's power of grappling with pain and disease. The difficulty of dealing with these people is, no doubt, considerable. The subject is a highly technical one, and the weight of the argument in its entirety can be appreciated only by trained minds competent to draw inferences from large numbers of individually inconspicuous facts. Still, it cannot be useless to bring before the public a few characteristic instances in which vivisection has been of priceless service in extending the limits of medical science and in perfecting the practice both of medicine and surgery.

Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, the very foundation-stone of our existing knowledge of physiology, was based on such experiments. So were Bell's investigations into the nervous system; these researches opened up new regions of science and practice, and, carried forward from point to point according to the same methods by Hall, Hitzig, Ferrier, and others, have already been of immense benefit to mankind. The diagnosis and treatment of heart disease, again, which would have been wholly impossible but for Harvey's discovery, were placed on their present foundations by the experiments of Hope. Hunter's treatment of aneurism and Von Graefe's treatment of glaucoma were worked out in the same way. Almost all our exact knowledge of the action of the most powerful, dangerous, and beneficent drugs on the various organs of the body, as well as the physiological functions of those organs, has been obtained by experiments on animals. And who shall count the value of such knowledge! or the number of lives which have been saved by it! or the suffering which it has made unnecessary! By experimental research surgeons have been able to arrest or cure disease, and Koch discovered in the presence and action of the tuberculosis bacillus the true course of consumptive disease. The same discovery has not only thrown a flood of light upon the natural history of consumption, but has also made it possible to detect its presence when otherwise unsuspected, and to bring about a successful revolution in the treatment of surgical tuberculosis. Furthermore, there are just reasons for expecting that the continuance of this experimental research will lead to the discovery of means for the prevention and perhaps even the cure of that great white plague which to-day is destroying so many of the best and fairest of our race. It was by the same methods of research that Pasteur laid hold of the murderous virus of splenic fever, and succeeded in rendering it not only harmless to life, but a sure protection against the assaults of the disease. I am living in a village which has just been quarantined for rabies. If, to-day, some dear friend of mine should be bitten by some poor rabid dog, it is thanks to Pasteur's experiments with what he called "the attenuation of virus" that I could sleep in peace, knowing that there would be hardly anything to fear.

It is folly now to argue the question whether experimental research has contributed to the advancement of theoretical and practical knowledge, for it is certain that no substantial advance has been made in physiological knowledge, and none at all in the departments of midwifery, surgery, and medicine, without the assistance of this method of inquiry, while there is hardly any conceivable limit to the progress which may yet be made by these means in the newly developed regions of bacteriology.

But have we any right to cause other creatures to suffer in our behalf? To this I can only reply that the sanest thinkers, the severest moralists, and the saintliest of saints, including Him who is the Pattern for us all, have always assumed this right, and, within limits, practiced it. In the pursuit of the balance of power in Europe rulers have sacrificed the lives of hecatombs of men and ruined the happiness of countless families. In the preservation of the Union, in the war which gave to Cuba the hope of better things, the same thing has been done on this side of the Atlantic. Why, then, may we not experiment on animals for an equally righteous purpose—the righteous purpose being to diminish enormously the sum total of the pain which otherwise must be suffered by man and beast?

All this means, of course, that I am, if you like to call me by that name, a vivisectionist. But it does not imply that I am satisfied with our present laws on this subject. On the contrary, I am profoundly dissatisfied with them, and should hail with inexpressible delight the enactment in this State of some such law as that which a few years ago was introduced into the Senate of the United States by the Hon. J. H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, or, better still, such an effective regulation of experimental research as is now in force in England. W. H. C.

Union Springs, New York.

[We comment on this letter in our editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.]

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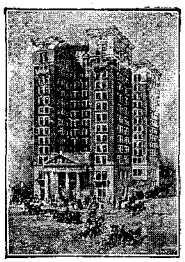

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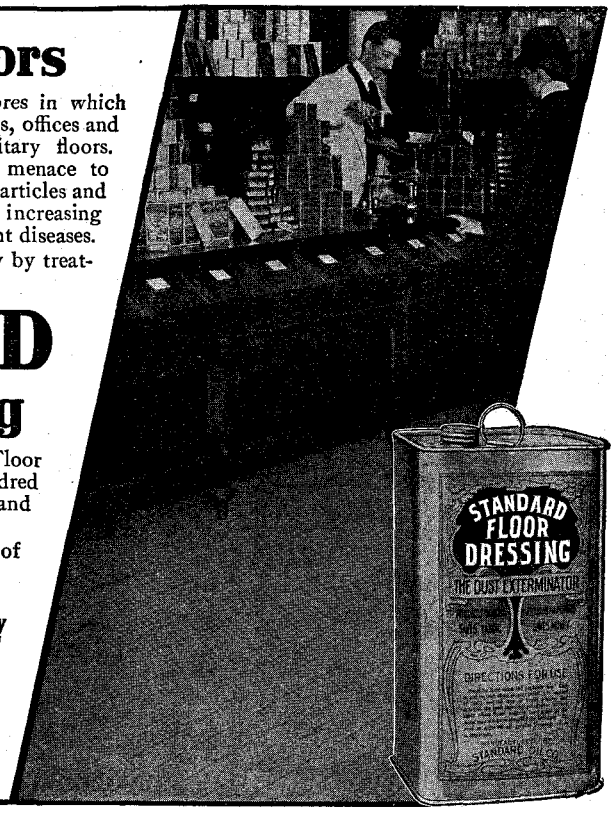

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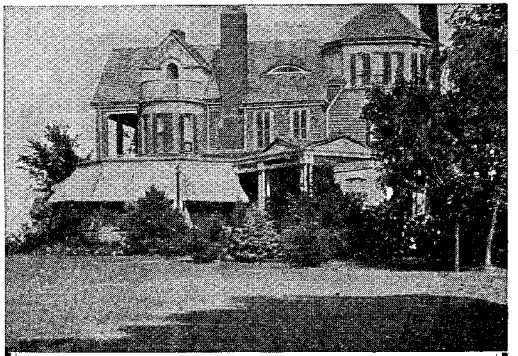

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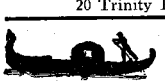

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